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SCRUTINY

A Quarterly Review

Edited by

L. C. KNIGHTS DONALD CULVER
F. R. LEAVIS DENYS THOMPSON

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EDITORIAL NOTE

WITH the publication of the next number *Scrutiny* will have completed its first year. It is plain by now that our confidence was justified. Indeed, we ought, in a sense, to apologise for not having had more, since the first number, though still in constant demand, has sold out, and many new readers have had to wait while the second number was reprinting: we are putting in a much larger order to the printer this time. We might call attention to the impressive amount of public notice we have had at home and abroad; but we are ourselves much more impressed by the letters we get, with new subscriptions, and from original subscribers, from all over the country and from America and elsewhere. These confirm us amply in our belief that there was more than a sufficient public consciously feeling the need of a review that should attempt the function of *Scrutiny*. We thank all those who have, by active propaganda, made our expansion of circulation possible, and we appeal for still more help of that kind, since there is still a large potential public that has not yet been reached, and we are without the ordinary resources of publicity.

We do not pretend to be satisfied with our performance up till now but we hope we have justified our Manifesto. We should like in especial to find more room for reviews, and, with the experience we have had and the connections we have established, we hope to be stronger in reviewing in the future.

And we have reason for hoping that the response to our efforts in the educational field will, in the coming year, show them not to have been altogether ineffective.

The main difficulty (since we have all to earn our livings and cannot afford to buy help) has been to get the necessary work done, editorial, secretarial and 'business.' The original editors, therefore, have formed with two other regular helpers an Editorial Board, one of the members of which signs the editorial beginning on the opposite page.

A subscription form will be found inside the back cover.

No payment is made for contributions.

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All other communications should be addressed to: The Editors, 13 Leys Road, Cambridge, England.

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'UNDER WHICH KING, BEZONIAN?'

IT would be very innocent of us to be surprised by the frequency with which we are asked to 'show our colours,' but the source of the command does sometimes surprise us. Indeed, this very formulation came first from Mr. George Santayana, and others whom we respect have repeated it, in substance, since. We should have thought that we had amply made out our case (if that were needed) for holding the assertion and application of serious standards in literary criticism to be an essential function, and one disastrously inoperative now.

Not that we suppose the service of this function to be the whole duty of man, or our own whole duty. The more seriously one is concerned for literary criticism the less possible does one find it to be concerned for that alone. *Scrutiny* has not, as a matter of fact, confined itself to literary criticism. But to identify *Scrutiny* with a social, economic or political creed or platform would be to compromise and impede its special function. This, in its bearing on the challenge now in view, has already been glossed by: 'the free play of intelligence on the underlying issues.' More, of course, needs saying. What is immediately in place is to insist that one does not necessarily take one's social and political responsibilities the less seriously because one is not quick to see salvation in a formula or in any simple creed. And it is unlikely that anyone actively and sympathetically interested in *Scrutiny* (whether as a reader or otherwise) will exhibit this kind of quickness. On the other hand, those of us who are particularly engrossed by the business of carrying on *Scrutiny* should perhaps resolve (though it seems unnecessary) to warn ourselves now and then against making the perception of the complexity of problems an excuse for complacent inattention: special duties are not ultimately served by neglect of the more general. But the special function of *Scrutiny* is an indispensable one, and there appears to be no danger of its being excessively attended to.

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Supporters of *Scrutiny*, then, are, we suppose, of varying social, political and economic persuasions. But the function indicated would hardly have been fully realized if its bearing on such persuasions were left at this, no more immediate and particular than has yet been suggested. If there seems to be no reason why supporters of *Scrutiny* should not favour some kind of communism as the solution of the economic problem, it does not seem likely (there is no thought here of Mr. Middleton Murry) that they will be orthodox Marxists. The efficiency of the Marxist dialectic, indeed, makes it difficult to determine what precisely orthodoxy is (we do not find even Mr. Maurice Dobb, whom Mr. Eliot singles out for commendation, very lucid). But there can be no doubt that the dogma of the priority of economic conditions, however stated, means a complete disregard for—or, rather, a hostility towards—the function represented by *Scrutiny*.

Why the attitude expressed in the varying formula that makes ' culture ' (a term to be examined) derivative from the ' methods of production '—why this attitude must be regarded as calamitous Trotsky himself brings out in his *Literature and Revolution*. This book shows him to be a cultivated as well as an unusually intelligent man (which perhaps has something to do with his misfortune). But he too, unhappily, like all the Marxists, practises, with the familiar air of scientific rigour, the familiar vague, blanketing use of essential terms. He can refer, for instance, to the ' 2nd of August, 1914, when the maddened power of bourgeois culture let loose upon the world the blood and fire of an imperialistic war.' (p. 190). This, however, is perhaps a salute to orthodoxy. And it would not be surprising if he had thought it wise to distract attention, if possible, from such things as the following, which uses ' culture ' very differently, and is hardly orthodox: ' The proletariat is forced to take power before it has appropriated the fundamental elements of bourgeois culture; it is forced to overthrow bourgeois society by revolutionary violence, for the very reason that society does not allow it access to culture.' (p. 195). The aim of revolution, it appears, is to secure this accursed bourgeois culture for the proletariat. Or, rather, Trotsky knows that behind the word ' culture ' there is something that cannot be explained by the ' methods of production ' and that it would be disastrous to destroy as ' bourgeois.' To assert this

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un-Marxian truth is the aim of his book. ' The proletariat,' he says (p. 186), 'acquires power for the purpose of doing away with class culture and to make way for human culture.' And he insists that the necessary means to this consummation is to maintain continuity. That is, he knows, and virtually says, that ' human culture ' at present is something covered by ' bourgeois culture,' the Marxian blanket.

But even Trotsky, although he can speak of the need to ' turn the concept of culture into the small change of individual daily living ' and can say that ' to understand and perceive truly not in a journalistic way but to feel to the bottom the very section of time in which we live, one has to know the past of mankind, its life, its work, its struggles, its hopes, . . . ' cannot (or may not) realize the delicate organic growth that ' human culture ' is. Otherwise he could not so cheerfully contemplate fifty years (p. 190) of revolutionary warfare, during which everything must be subordinated to proletarian victory, and assume, without argument, that the result will be a society in which ' the dynamic development of culture will be incomparable with anything that went on in the past ' (p. 189). But perhaps, and ' dynamic ' strongly suggests it, ' culture ' again means something different.

Indeed, Trotsky at this point in the argument, like all the Marxists, becomes indistinguishable from Mr. Wells. Neither of them has faced the problem, though Trotsky, unlike Mr. Wells, appears capable of seeing it if it is put. A Marxist intelligent enough and well-enough educated to speak of a ' human culture ' that must, if it is to exist at all, carry on from what orthodoxy dismisses as ' bourgeois culture,' can hardly have failed to divine that, if he thought too much, not only his orthodoxy but his optimism would be in danger. Nothing brings out more strongly that orthodox Marxists (like most other publicists) use the word ' culture ' uncomprehendingly than their failure even to perceive the problem—the problem that their dogma concerning the relation between culture and the ' methods of production ' confronts them with in a particularly sharp form.

It confronts us all. For it is true that culture in the past has borne a close relation to the ' methods of production.' A culture expressing itself in a tradition of literature and art—such

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a tradition as represents the finer consciousness of the race and provides the currency of finer living—can be in a healthy state only if this tradition is in living relation with a real culture, shared by the people at large. The point might be enforced by saying (there is no need to elaborate) that Shakespeare did not invent the language he used. And when England had a popular culture, the structure, the framework, of it was a stylization, so to speak, of economic necessities; based, it might fairly be said, on the ' methods of production ' was an art of living, involving codes, developed in ages of continuous experience, of relations between man and man, and man and the environment in its seasonal rhythm. This culture the progress of the nineteenth century destroyed, in country and in town; it destroyed (to repeat a phrase that has been used in *Scrutiny* before, and will be, no doubt, again) the organic community. And what survives of cultural tradition in any important sense survives in spite of the rapidly changing ' means of production.'

All this seems fairly obvious, and what should be equally obvious is the new status and importance of leisure. Leisure (however much or little there might be) mattered less when work was not, as it is now for so many, the antithesis of living. (See, *e.g.* George Bourne, *Change in the Village* pp. 200-216). Now, unless one is unusually lucky, one saves up living for after working hours, and for very few indeed can the bread-winning job give anything like a sense of fulfilment or be realized as in itself a significant part of a significant process. Marxists do not contemplate any reversal of this development; nor is enthusiasm for Five Year Plans, the sense of a noble cause, or romantic worship of mechanical efficiency, to be permanently the sanction of labour in itself unsatisfying. ' The Revolution,' writes A. L. Morton, a Marxist, in the October *Criterion,* ' neither creates nor is intended to create a new leisure class. It is intended rather to create a leisure community. . . .' The Marxist, then, who offers his Utopia as anything better than Mr. Wells's, must face the problem that we should all be facing. For any reasonable hope for civilization must assume that the beneficent potentialities of machine-technique will be realized, and there seems no reason to doubt that the material means of life might be assured to all at the cost of small labour to each.

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The problem is suggested by Mr. Morton here: 'The state of poetry is largely dependent upon the connection of the leisure class with the productive powers. The connection must be close and vital, though that of the individual poet need not be, since he expresses less himself than his social environment. The great ages of poetry have been those in which the poetry-producing class was young and vigorous and was breaking through existing productive relationships. Conversely, a class without social functions tends to produce decadent poetry.' Without being uncritical of Mr. Morton's generalizations one may ask: What will 'social functions' be in a leisure community—a community, that is, in which the 'productive process' is so efficient as no longer to determine the ordering of life? Mr. Morton speaks of a 'leisure community integrally associated with the productive forces in a way in which no one class has ever been before'; but there is surely no particular virtue in being 'associated' with productive forces so mechanically efficient that 'integrally,' here, seems to mean very little? No doubt when we are all leisured the special moral disadvantage of belonging to a leisure class will be gone, but 'social function,' it is plain, means so much more in the generalizations about culture and the productive process that it is inapplicable here, or, if applied, becomes a mere arbitrary counter. It is a comment on the Marxian dialectic that it can take a man in this way up to the problem and leave him unable to see it.

The problem faces us all, and not hypothetically, but practically and immediately. It is a more difficult one than Trotsky, that dangerously intelligent Marxist who has some inkling, suggests in his statement of it (p. 193): 'The main task of the proletarian intelligentsia in the immediate future is not the abstract formation of a new culture regardless of the absence of a base for it, but definite culture-bearing, that is, a systematic, planful, and, of course, critical imparting to the backward masses of the essential elements of the culture which already exists.' The problem is, rather, not merely to save these 'essential elements' from a swift and final destruction in the process that makes Communism possible[1], but to develop them into an

[1] 'Industrialization is desirable not for itself, but because Communism is only possible in an industrial community.' A. L.

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autonomous culture, a culture independent of any economic, technical or social system as none has been before. Whether such a rootless culture (the metaphor will bear pondering, in view of the contrast between the postulated communist society—in constant ' dynamic ' development—and any that has produced a culture in the past) can be achieved and maintained may be doubtful. If it cannot, we have nothing better to hope for than a world of Mr. Wells's men like gods, and have rather to fear that the future has been forecast in California[2]. If it can, it will be by a concern for the tradition of human culture, here and now, intenser than Trotsky's (the Marxist excommunicate); a concerted and sustained effort to perpetuate it, in spite of the economic process, the triumphs of engineering and the Conquest of Happiness, as something with its own momentum and life, more and more autonomous and self-subsistent. And in its preoccupation with this effort *Scrutiny* does not find itself largely companied.

This plea, however, will not bring us off; we have no illusions. There is a choice; we must speak or die: Stalin or the King by Divine Right? And the Marxist dialectic, with its appearance of algebraic rigour, stern realism and contemptuous practicality, has great advantages—in dialectic—over those who are pusillanimous enough to let themselves be bothered by the duty and difficulty of using words precisely. The rigour, of course, is illusory, and, consequently, so are the realism and the practicality. ' In general,' says Mr. Edmund Wilson approvingly in the *New Statesman and Nation* for October 15th, ' it is surprising how promptly the writers are lining up in one or other of the camps, and how readily their antagonisms are developing.' When people

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Morton. *The Criterion,* October, 1932. Cf. ' The essential point is that agriculture ought to be saved and revived because agriculture is the foundation for the Good Life in any society; it is in fact, the normal life. . . . And it is hardly too much to say that only in a primarily agricultural society, in which people have local attachments to their small domains and small communities, and remain, generation after generation, in the same place, is genuine patriotism possible. . .' T.S.E. *The Criterion,* October, 1931.

[2]See *Stardust in Hollywood,* by J. and C. Gordon.

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line up so promptly one suspects, not only that the appeal of the *chic* has something to do with it, but that the differences are not of a kind that has much to do with thinking; and the ready development of antagonisms among those whose differences are inessential should surprise only the very innocent.

Trotsky's use of the term ' culture ' has already been noted. It is part of what Mr. Wilson calls the ' Marxist technique '; he himself speaks of the ' old bourgeois culture ' and the ' culture of Marxism.' ' Bourgeois ' and ' class,' likewise, are primary indispensables of the technique. Prince Mirsky, in his celebrated essay in *Echanges* (December, 1931), dealing with ' la poésie bourgeoise,' takes as ' le poète bourgeois ' Mr. T. S. Eliot. He exhibits less acuteness—or (and very naturally) more orthodoxy—than Trotsky, who would hardly have been naïve enough to pronounce (though he does contradict himself, and is capable, he also, of sentimentality): ' La bourgeoisie est vide de valeurs, toutes les valeurs vivantes sont du coté de la classe ouvrière.' The ' values ' of the working class (though, of course, one never knows what definitions the Marxist, when challenged, will produce from under the blanket) are inevitably those induced by the modern environment—by ' capitalist ' civilization; essentially those, that is, of the ' bourgeoisie ' and of most Marxists. Mr. Wilson (to illustrate this last point), a critic intelligent enough at his best to have written the best parts of *Axel's Castle*, was capable of resting the structure of that book on the values of the ' man who does things,' and, seeing that he had thus proclaimed himself a contemporary of Dr. John B. Watson, we ought not to have been surprised when he came out as an admirer of Kipling and innocently assumed that Lytton Strachey was a great writer.

Prince Mirsky, although, presumably, he does not enjoy Mr. Wilson's advantage of having been born to the English language, has over Mr. Wilson the advantage of living in London. He would not, as Mr. Wilson has (see the *New Statesman and Nation*), have solemnly endorsed the collocation of ' Dostoevsky, Cervantes, Defoe and E. E. Cummings. . . .' And he may have a good critical sensibility. But that is not proved by his exposition, intelligent and adroit as it is, of Mr. Eliot's poetry. What he certainly shows is unusual skill in applying the ' Marxist technique,' and the way in which in explaining *The Waste Land* he

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seizes on the ' structural symbols,' *l'Humide, le Sec et le Feu,* and overstresses their function, paying little attention to the essential organization, betrays the influence of the Marxian training. But the significantly betraying thing is the footnote: ' les lecteurs d'Edith Sitwell sont en grande partie les mêmes que ceux de Bertrand Russell dont les *Principles of Mathematics* sont l'évangile des logistes.' Mathematicians are often illiterate, and Bertrand Russell wrote *The Conquest of Happiness,* and Prince Mirsky might as aptly have said that the readers of Edith Sitwell are in great part the same as those of Ernest Hemingway.

The relevance of this further appeal to performance in literary criticism should not need urging. To be concerned, as *Scrutiny* is, for literary criticism is to be vigilant and scrupulous about the relation between words and the concrete. The inadequacies of Mr. Wilson and Prince Mirsky as literary critics are related to their shamelessly uncritical use of vague abstractions and verbal counters. What is this 'bourgeois culture ' that Mr. Eliot represents in company, one presumes, with Mr. Wells, Mr. Hugh Walpole, *Punch, Scrutiny,* Dr. Marie Stopes and the *Outline for Boys and Girls?* What are these ' classes,' the conflict between which a novelist must recognize ' before he can reach to the heart of any human situation '? (See *Literary Criticism and the Marxian Method* by Granville Hicks in *The Modern Quarterly* for Summer, 1932). The Marxist, of course, is pat with his answer: he will define class in terms of relation to the ' productive process.' The concept so defined—how usefully and how adequately to the facts this is not the place to discuss—will at any rate engage with its context. But when one comes to talk of ' bourgeois culture ' the context has changed, and only by virtue of the Marxist dogma and the Marxist dialectic is it possible to introduce the concept here and suppose one is saying anything. Class of the kind that can justify talk about ' class-culture ' has long been extinct.[1] (And, it might be added, when there was such ' class-culture ' it was much more than merely of the class). The

[1]Prince Mirsky refers to ' la classe où appartenait Donne '; but what has that ' bourgeoisie ' in common with that of the Victorian age or that of to-day?

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process of civilization that produced, among other things, the Marxian dogma, and makes it plausible, has made the cultural difference between the ' classes ' inessential. The essential differences are indeed now definable in economic terms, and to aim at solving the problems of civilization in terms of the ' class war ' is to aim, whether wittingly or not, at completing the work of capitalism and its products, the cheap car, the wireless and the cinema. It is not for nothing that Trotsky's prose, when he contemplates the ' dynamic development of culture ' that will follow the triumph of Revolution, takes on a Wellsian exaltation (see *e.g.* pp. 188-9), and that, when he descends to anything approaching particularity, what he offers might have come from *Men Like Gods* (see p. 252). And the title of Prince Mirsky's essay, *T. S. Eliot et la Fin de la Poésie Bourgeoise,* should have been one word shorter.

The rigour of the Marxian dialectic, then, is illusory, and the brave choice enjoined upon us the reverse of courageous, if courage has anything to do with thinking. Must we therefore take the other alternative offered us: ' si le poète—l'idéologue—bourgeois veut opposer à la Révolution quelque chose de positif et de convaincant (de convaincant pour son propre esprit) il ne peut avoir de recours qu'à la résurrection de quelque revenant médiéval. . .'? Must we be Royalists and Anglo-Catholics? In the first place reasons have been advanced for doubting whether those who find Marxism convincing, for their own minds, are applying minds in any serious sense to the problems that face us and them. So if, while agreeing that the recovery of religious sanctions in some form seems necessary to the health of the world, we reply that they cannot be had for the wanting, the Marxist had better not start to think before he twits us with ineffectiveness. And as for Anglo-Catholicism and Royalism, those who may find these, *pour leurs propres esprits,* convincing do not convince us that they are taking up an effective attitude towards the problems. The impressive statement, in the abstract, of a coherent position is not enough. And the main reply to the gesture that bids us, if we respect ourselves, line up there, as the logical and courageous alternative, is not that *The Principles of Modern Heresy* and *The Outline of Royalism* have not yet, after all, been given us, but: ' Look at *The Criterion.*'

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The Editor's spare—too spare—contributions almost always exhibit the uncommon phenomenon of real thinking turned upon the 'underlying issues,' though, in their bearing on concrete problems, they show no signs of coming any nearer than before to effective particularity. But we must not, under Marxian incitement, suggest unfair tests. The effective particularity we can fairly demand would involve maintaining in *The Criterion* high standards of thinking and of literary criticism. The point that it is necessary to make is, in view of our own enterprise, a delicate one, but only the more necessary for that. Let us suffer the retort when, and as much as, we may deserve it, and express now the general regret that the name of *The Criterion* has become so dismal an irony and that the Editor is so far from applying to his contributors the standards we have learnt from him.

The relevance of the point may be enforced by remarking the particular weakness of *The Criterion* for the dead, academic kind of abstract 'thinking,' especially when the 'thinker' (incapable of literary criticism) stands in a general, abstract way for 'order,' 'intelligence' and the other counters, all of which are worth less than nothing if not related scrupulously to the concrete.

The Marxist challenge, then, seems to us as heroic as Ancient Pistol's and to point to as real alternatives. And we do not suppose that, in *Scrutiny*, we, more than anyone else, have a solution to offer. But, looking round, we do think that, without presuming too much, we can, since there seems no danger of too great an intensity of concern for them, make it our function to insist on certain essential conditions of a solution. Nor, inadequate as our insistence may be, does it appear superfluous to insist that the essential problems should be faced.

Nothing more (if it lived up to this account) should be needed to justify *Scrutiny*. But if some more immediate engaging upon the world of practice would reassure, then we can point to it. We have a special educational interest, and the association of this with the bent already described is unprecedented and has already shown its strength.

F. R. LEAVIS.

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FESTIVALS OF FIRE

'The solution of the problem of life is seen in the vanishing of this problem.'

I. ALLEGRO MODERATO E RUBATO[1]

Along the broad rides out from the elm-choirs
Oaks clump raggedly, gnarled and
Wrinkled as an old man's veined
Hand. We came down the rides, feigned terror
Fetlock deep in brown bracken dusted
With snow, seeking berries white and red. The
Holms are sprightlier, ape spring in age.

Untimely kisses were shelved when
Our argute voices vied amid the bramble
Brakes, the parasite was predestined
For four walls, but Sylvia, a shell
Of a girl in a vermilion coat with four
Buttons had moist warm hands. They
Sometimes wear scarlet on the Grands Boulevards.

Her brother did not wait for
Arteriosclerosis, or boggle at
The price of gin. In a ditch three
Dumdum bullets left a brainless jaw
On the Massachusetts coast: a token
For a law enraged at Caponë's

[1]This is Section I of a poem in four sections.

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Bilk of income-tax returns. Pray
For him in all seasons, of Cotswold
Race, sundered beside the foaming
Shore, Brotachos, who came
Hither not for this. Let
Not the alien mould press heavy upon
Him since he is denied the gift
Of that asbestos cape wherein
Our rulers vainly fold themselves.

The fire came and will come, the red flower
Shaded in a fennel stalk, the refiner
That leaps in the dark.
The rebel bringer lighted
On the brief angles of the world, furled
Himself in his shadow and found fear
Behind him. Deftly he unloosed
The mechanic arts to men, trickeries
For prolongation of a bootless leisure, built
On a frame of tears. We are
Halted sharply in a wilderness
Of angled mirrors, and what man
Can bear to look upon the hinderparts
Of his own glory? There is a boom due
In the usury of self-exploitation:
Below the limen springs
A sunflower self, Walt Whitman ruminating
In a jazzed-up poster, smalltalk in
Headlines. Darkness
Calls for a sign, let us build a cosmos
Of signs, a sanguine cloud of metamorphoses.

Christmas comes but once a year:
And when it does it brings food
Coupons, Charity Balls, the leer
From the gutter, a full-throated
Shout in a sere avenue.
Then the three kings journeyed

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Bringing a jargoon, brilliant
Cut, and a platinum
Set chrysoberyl from the Rue
Royale, fondants from Fortnum
And Mason's, from the druggists
Of the East mandragora.

The log crepitates and spits, unfolds
Mansions, caves in the fire, untenanted,
Unblazed by trumpeter. There
Amid the sawdust of former masteries
Juts out the awful abruptness of things,
Seen in a landslide or in the human
Body powdering confusedly away.

'The youngsters are giving a Yule
Play tomorrow afternoon
With programmes, oxen, Santa Claus
And so on drawn and coloured
By themselves. You'll come?
And, oh, please write your annual cheque
Out, Mr. Simpson, for the widows' fund. . . .'
'I shall never forget how his
Father looked when he perked
Open his puckered red eyes and
Caught the wind in his throat and coughed
And cried till he smiled from weariness. . . .'
'Bring out the '40 cognac, and, William
See that his nurse
Stops that damned brat's crying,
Our guests can hardly hear a note
That Whiteman's playing. . . .'
'Yes, darling, I have the latch-key
Safe. Expect me about one. There'll
Be no one around and, in any case,
I'll see you through. . . .'

'He's crying again. . . .'
His spinal ganglia have sensed

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The sorrow of the world he could not
Save, neither for nor from himself. Time
Has slopped over the low
Embankments and left mud
On the academicians in the Tate. Memory
Smoulders like an abandoned hay-mow.

When we went down to the woods
Armoured cars stroked out
The anemones with a rattling cross
Fire; countermined, peonies
Shook their gory manes and
Rose with phantom faces like
Those in New York subways. Blood
Where are your Floridas, skulls
Where your Golgotha?

And they snarled at the fugue
As brittle counterpoint.

RONALD BOTTRALL.

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SURREALISME

WHATEVER may be the contempt, the hate or the derision with which the surrealist group has been looked down upon, the future historian of our troubled times will perforce give it the attention it deserves. One must travel far back into the past to find a literary school whose activities have been so explosive, so versatile, and, one may venture, so fruitful. None was ever so ambitious, none has ever raised so many questions pertaining to the most sacred possibilities of the human mind, nor has been so magnificently borne to such a pitch of despair and pride. It is high time to assume in front of their doctrine and their works the critical attitude which has nearly always been refused to them. The task is not an easy one. To remain indifferent or impartial is, for the vast majority of people interested in literature or art (including critics), next to impossible. And then, the manifestations of the surrealist activity have been so many, so diverse, and sometimes, in seeming, so contradictory, that it is hard to be exhaustive and fair. The group itself has been split into schisms; by-schools have sprung up, violently antagonistic[1]; strayed sheep (if a surrealist may be called by so tame a name) have come back to the fold; dirt has been thrown by the most fervid disciples upon the leaders, and only a very few names of the beginning have remained unpolluted. Nevertheless, in spite of the confused and zig-zag evolution of the surrealist organism, one may attempt briefly to present the readers of *Scrutiny* with some information about its growth and significance. In any case, the importance and wide-spread (though not acknowledged) influence of the movement can no more be sheepishly concealed.

A few years before the war, in spite of some apparently formidable names, the situation in our letters had long since come to a deadlock. The famous *' clarté française,'* the greatest title to glory the French bourgeoisie may boast of, which three centuries of a relentless exercise had brought to sterile perfection,

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[1] *e.g. Le Grand Feu* or *Bifur*, the latter headed by G. Ribémont-Dessaignes, who left the main group in 1929 with many others.

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could no longer grapple with a state of affairs which I emphatically refuse to call *modern,* but whose chief characteristic was its lack of complaisance—its unaptness, owing to its strange complexity and aggressive resilience, for being neatly sliced away and offered as food to any fastidious palate. Reason had dried up everything, and the divorce between ' art ' and ' life ' had never been so tragic, the more so since it was, as never before, to writers and artists of every description that an ever widening public looked up, as those from whom the serious solution ought to be asked. The novel was sterilizing itself in the deft hands of Anatole France, who may be considered as a kind of artful demi-god of letters, taking refuge in a smiling and dry scepticism—*à ne pas prendre au sérieux*. Poetry had pretty nearly come to ruin after the sickly efforts of symbolism, and the only true poets were those whose works were still either lost in the general indifference of an obtuse public, or derisively considered as unwarrantable idiocy. Philosophers have never enjoyed a great number of readers, and the name of Bergson alone stood as a serious challenge to that reason everybody yet adored, with however increasing diffidence. Social science may be said to have remained till recent years at the sentimental stage to which the eloquence of Jaurès had raised it, and only by the Russian experiment has it been brought to the logical conclusions a rigorously deductive mind is bound to reach sooner or later.

Then came the war and the unavoidable ' *trahison des clercs.*'

What confusion it brought about in the intellectual values there is no need to insist upon. A terrible onslaught was made on such tenets and *raisons de vivre* as had long remained secure in an atmosphere of peaceful comfort and satisfied debility of mind. How should art for art's sake, a humorous indifferentism, the Cornelian *mourir pour la patrie,* or such an inspiring motto as *Gott mit uns,* resist the demoralizing effects of so many months spent in mud and dirt, with the daily breakfast of a bellyful of horrors, under the inescapable threat of being blown to smithereens in the very act of, say, praying to God. Something was rotten—had been rotten for long in this world of ours—and the fine people who had had the mission of elevating mankind to this present state of civilisation might well be dubbed humbugs. Politics were humbug—philosophy was humbug—art was humbug—poetry . . . . well, poetry, let us see.

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Anyhow, the reaction of the few who did not feel themselves obliged either to forbear any critical attitude, or to preach a hopeful campaign of revolt, was indeed what was to be expected from such men in such a predicament. Despair and hate, hemmed in by the impossibility of escaping the reasons for despair and hate, may produce a kind of hysterical and bitter revolt, far removed from the delightful scepticism of the happy; a revolt which will rage and rail at any prey offered to the mind. They will spit out their universal contempt, and find in this blasphemous revenge the only means of preserving the dignity of man. Negation and lacerating laughter directed against the most sacred *' objets tabous '*—outrage for the sake of outrage—the utmost exertion of an unsparing destructive power.

Such were the ultimate ends of the *' Mouvement Dada.'*

* * * *

The history of Dada remains to be written (and still will after this essay) even after the forthcoming book of M. G. Ribémont-Dessaignes who was one of the most active dadaists[1]. Suffice it to say here that Dada was born in Zurich, in 1916, the quaint fruit of the joint lucubrations of a now famous Rumanian poet, Tristan Tzara, an Alsatian, Hans Arp, and two Germans, Hugo Ball and Richard Huelsenbeck. A *bulletin dada* was issued and some manifestations of an as yet vague character were attempted. The dadaists soon realise the prodigious means of propaganda which scandal constitutes, and they will henceforward deliberately make of scandal their habitual weapon of destruction.

' . . . . chaque page doit exploser, soit par le sérieux profond et lourd, le tourbillon, le vertige, le nouveau, l'éternel, par la blague écrasante, par l'enthousiasme des principes ou par la façon d'être imprimée. Voilà un monde chancelant qui fuit, fiancé aux grelots de la gamme infernale, voilà de l'autre coté : des hommes nouveaux. Rudes, bondissants, chevaucheurs de hoquets. . . .'

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[1]See: *La Nouvelle Revue Française,* June-July, 1931. Emile Bouvier's book: *Initiation à la littérature française d'aujourd'hui (La Renaissance du Livre)* provides some good historical information.

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And, a few lines further, here is an attempt at self-definition:

'. . . . abolition de la logique, danse des impuissants de la création : Dada; de toute hiérarchie et équation sociale installée pour les valeurs par nos valets : Dada; chaque objet, tous les objets, les sentiments et les obscurités, les apparitions et le choc précis des lignes parallèles sont des moyens pour le combat : Dada; abolition de la mémoire : Dada; abolition de l'archéologie : Dada; abolition des prophètes : Dada; abolition du futur : Dada; croyance absolue indiscutable dans chaque dieu produit de la spontanéité : Dada.'[1]

This cynical frankness of the *Manifeste Dada 1918,* a strange mixture of nonsense and terrible seriousness, thus proclaims the absurdity of art among other things, the identity of contraries, and the absolute and tragical necessity of taking nothing for granted, except perhaps an irresistible need of genuine destruction. After the armistice, Dada emigrates to Paris. There it finds new allies in a group of similarly dissatisfied men, who are willing to wage the same war. They are the founders of *Littérature* (a mock title), a review curiously run by ancient cubists—Max Jacob, Apollinaire; painters—Derain, Picasso, Lhote; and even old symbolists—P. Valéry and A. Gide. But the active knot comprises new men like Picabia, André Breton, Louis Aragon, P. Morand, P. Eluard, B. Cendrars, Reverdy, J. Cocteau, G. Ribémont-Dessaignes, etc. All those who are really living, intellectually disgusted with the human or inhuman conditions brought about by the war or the after-war (still more, if that may be, spiritually repulsive) feel that there is something to be done, that a new start must be made. A certain amount of sacred enthusiasm urges them to a desperate attempt at universal renovation. But the necessity of pulling everything down must be made generally felt. The Dadaists fling themselves into enormous practical jokes played upon a curious, then horrified public. To the challenge: *'Faites des gestes,'* they reply by scandalous manifestations, not unlike a frenzied students' rag, but compared to which the tricks of pre-war cubism or futurism were mere child's play. I draw again from the fore-quoted article of M. Ribémont-Dessaignes the following manifesto read by seven persons in front of a gaping audience:

[1]Quoted by G. Ribémont-Dessaignes.

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' AU PUBLIC '

' Avant de descendre parmi vous afin d'arracher vos dents gâtées, vos oreilles gourmeuses, votre langue pleine de chancres,

Avant de briser vos os pourris,

D'ouvrir votre ventre cholérique, et d'en retirer à l'usage des engrais pour l'agriculture votre foie trop gras, votre rate ignoble et vos rognons à diabète,

Avant d'arracher votre vilain sexe incontinent et glaireux,

Avant d'éteindre ainsi votre appétit de beauté, d'extase, de sucre, de philosophie, de poivre et de concombres métaphysiques, mathématiques et poétiques,

Avant de vous désinfecter au vitriol et de vous rendre ainsi propres et de vous ripoliner avec passion,

Avant tout cela,

Nous allons prendre un grand bain antiseptique,

Et nous vous avertissons :

C'est nous les assassins.'

But the sacrilegous and blasphemous activities of the Dadaists could not continue indefinitely. Absolute revolt is a metaphysical concept which either must remain on the ideal plane or devour itself. The Dadaists were speedily at a loss to imagine something efficiently original and deadly, and they could not, as a group, bring forth any positive assertion. In negation, *le difficile, c'est de durer*. Dada bore in itself its own germ of destruction. Its short and tormented existence, its practical failure, its inability to produce were not, however, mere sterility. Dada marks a date after which things possible before have become unreceivable. It matters little if no work of genius remains after its passage. It had been more of an *' état d'esprit '* than a school. Its principles had helped to clear the ground more decisively than any positive work. Its cruel irony had stripped ' literature ' of all false pretension. Things had been brought back to a more human ground. Humour and fantasy had been given again their true importance in human affairs. Zest came again with the *'cocasse '* and the unexpected. The sordidness of reality made way for a new kind of marvellous, from which men had too long been led astray. A young and vigorous sun shines at the horizon and the air is bracing as if a new world were beginning. I cannot help

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quoting the following reflections of A. Gide, given in *La Nouvelle Revue Française* in April, 1920:

'. . . . Et ce ne serait vraiment pas la peine d'avoir combattu durant cinq ans, d'avoir tant de fois supporté la mort des autres et vu remettre tout en question, pour se rasseoir ensuite devant sa table à écrire et renouer le fil du vieux discours interrompu. Eh quoi! tandis qu'ont tant souffert nos champs, nos villages, nos cathédrals, notre verbe demeurerait invulnéré! Il importe que l'esprit ne reste pas en retard sur la matière: il a droit lui aussi, à de la ruine. Dada va s'en charger.' . . . . 'Déjà l'édifice de notre langage est trop ébranlé pour qu'il soit prudent pour la pensée d'y chercher encore un refuge, et devant que de rebâtir, il importe de jeter bas ce qui parait solide encore, ce qui fait mine de tenir debout. Les mots que conglomère encore l'artifice de la logique, il les faut disjoindre, isoler; les forcer de redéfiler devant des regards vierges, comme, après le déluge, un à un, les animaux sortis de l'arche dictionnaire, avant toute conjugaision. Et si, par quelque vieille commodité, typographique uniquement, on les met bout à bout sur quelque ligne, avoir soin de les disposer dans un désordre où ils n'aient aucune raison de se suivre— puisque c'est, avant tout, à l'anti-poétique raison qu'on en a. Et il importe également, peut-être même davantage . . . . de les dissocier de leur histoire, de leur passé qui les appesantit d'un faix mort. Chaque vocable-ilôt doit, dans la page, présenter des contours abrupts. Il sera posé ici (ou là tout aussi bien) comme un ton pur; et non loin vibreront d'autres tons purs, mais d'une absence de rapports telle qu'elle n'autorise aucune association de pensées. C'est ainsi que le mot sera délivré de tout sa signification précédente, enfin: et de l'évocation du passé.

L'ennui pour chaque école, c'est cette possibilité de surenchère où le disciple, plus extrémiste que le maître, la compromet. Mais cette surenchère, vexatoire, on l'élude si l'on bondit d'un coup à l'extrême de sorte qu'il n'y a pas moyen d'aller au delâ . . . . il s'agissait d'inventer ce que je n'ose appeler, une méthode, qui non seulement n'aidât point à la production, mais même rendit l'œuvre impossible.

Effectivement, le jour où le mot Dada fut trouvé, il ne resta plus rien à faire . . . Dans ce seul mot: Dada, ils auront d'un coup exprimé tout ce qu'ils avaient à dire en tant que groupe; et

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comme il n'y a pas moyen de trouver mieux dans l'absurde, il faut bien à présent, ou piétiner sur place, comme les médiocres continueront à faire, ou s'évader.'

We have there, with the usual critical acumen of Gide, sketched out the new poetical theory which might be elicited from the dadaist agitation, and a true prophecy as regards its future. This literary, or rather anti-literary doctrine, offers a wild appeal to originality, and, at the same time, refuses to believe in the seriousness of any artistic creation. The enquiry: *' Pourquoi écrivez-vous ? '* involves a bitter mockery of all professional writers. On the other hand, the dadaists have not gone deep enough into the inmost needs of the human soul. A life of absolute revolt and fierce individualism cannot be given as an aim to anybody. Only a few people are able to live in accordance with such ' principles.' It has been the privilege of men like Alfred Jarry, Rigault and Jacques Vaché to throw themselves into a negation of society amounting to suicide. But the others have found escape in altogether different activities (*J'écris des romans, je m'occupe, et allez donc.* .)[1] or, after some years' meditation and struggle, furthering their evolution without a denial of their primitive faith, have raised a new citadel on the ruins of Dadaism. Such are the Surrealists.

* * * *

The surrealist doctrine was evolved from the dadaist *' état d'esprit.'* The survivors of Dadaism are terribly in earnest. That is their first and most illuminating characteristic. Their spiritual attitude is no longer mere nihilism. They have come to the conclusion that self-murder is *not* a solution and they find life is worth living. But it must be lived on entirely different grounds. Surrealism is not only a literary school, but it has also its ethics, its metaphysics. I think the first postulate of the surrealists is an invincible belief in the dignity of man. They have become clearly conscious of the reasons of revolt which had egged the dadaists on to their extravagances. Man must stand out against all causes of debasement which lurk around him. Not only does André Breton say: *' Je ne fais pas état des moments nuls de ma vie,'*

[1]Philipe Soupault, a renegade of Surrealism, now a journalist.

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but the ideal would be to reduce those ' *moments nuls* ' to their minimum expression. In our present state of civilization the world teems with innumerable causes of debasement; *e.g.*, the social state, with its shameful agents of moral corruption, among which the conservative forces which crush down all the efforts of individual development, whether they be moral or material. First the idea of ' *patrie,*' with its accompaniment of historical remembrances and traditions, the pride derived therefrom, nationalism, the army, the police, and the hypocrisy of colonization: the surrealists ' vomit ' all that is considered as typically ' French.' Then religion of any kind and particularly the Christian, which represents for them the most hateful instrument of oppression in the hands of perverse *profiteurs*: they have no end of sarcasm against Jesus and his priests, one of their favourite jokes being to insult priests at every opportunity. Then the family, the tyranny of parents whose only aim seems to be to make of their children a perfect *succédané* of what they have themselves been, and to kill in the egg any attempt at a sincere realization of the self. Then, of course, all the social institutions, of whatever description, which help to keep the human being in moral and material servitude. Their programme of destruction reaches far and wide. They preach a total upheaval of the present conditions of life, and the title of their review is significant: it was first, *La Révolution Surréaliste* and then, still more obviously, *Le surréalisme au service de la Révolution*. No wonder that they should be drawn to sympathise with the Communist party. They have, however, long deferred their complete adhesion to the activities of the Communist organization, and the story of their relations with it would be very instructive. It would show that the surrealists are of one mind with the Communists as long as it is a matter of waging war again the civilization of the capitalist bourgeois. There is no other political creed to which they might turn. But they are more or less consciously afraid of the standardization of man which a Communistic civilization would bring. A surrealist in a Communistic state would still be a revolutionary. Their aim tends higher. They seek for man the possibility of enjoying life under all its forms. The notion of sin is unknown to them. They have such confidence in human nature that there is for them practically no law which man might not transgress. Or rather,

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no law of the present time, for such law is always an outcome of the vilest instincts of man regulated by the still viler reason. Yet, they refuse to be called idealists: idealism dreads to look reality in the face. Nor are they materialists: materialism is unable to give its due to the life of the spirit. The *' matérialisme dialectique '* of Hegel is, according to them, the only philosophical position on which they can stand. It has been the basis of Marxism, but it is more ambitious and leads farther. On this point, the apprehension of the surrealist thought is a delicate matter, at least for me.[1] Anyhow, Hegel is a God in the surrealist paradise. Freud is another. But this is readily understood.

Indeed, the life of the unconscious is among the most imperative preoccupations of the surrealists. From it they have derived their literary doctrine. They believe it to be the most sacred part of the human spirit. *There* are to be found the deepest truths which alone deserve to be expressed through any means man may have in his possession. Language is one of those means, along with painting, design, sculpture, architecture, the cinema, music, etc., all that is usually called art. But art is not an end in itself (that would bring us back to the worst days of ' art for art's sake.') Art is a means of expressing a human condition, no matter what it be. Now a human condition must, to be expressed as it really is, escape *' une mise en bouteille par la raison.'* Reason is antagonistic to the spirit. It is constantly turned towards the useful, and mechanically quenches any gratuitous impulse of the spirit: it has extended its wasteful sway even into a field where above all it should have remained a stranger. When the dadaists make their jolly appeal to the absurd and the *' cocasse,'* when they find beauty in the proximity, on a surgeon's table, of a sewing-machine and an umbrella, they anticipate the surrealists, but only humorously. The thing is not to find beauty in such heterogeneous co-presence, but to have thought of actuating it. The *' cocasse '* of the dadaists becomes the *' merveilleux '* of the surrealists. The association of thoughts or images must not be led by the cold and dry tool of logical reason which itself works under the control of all manner of pre-occupations foreign to

[1]See: *Le Second Manifeste du Surréalisme.*

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the normal character of expression (shall I say that I want to kill my brother, shall I speak of this 'unnatural' impulse, and so on) but the mind must purge itself of its contents, just as a tank is emptied by the natural flow of the water under the pressure of the law of gravitation. This leads to the following definition of surrealism given in the *Premier manifeste du surréalisme* by A. Breton (Kra—1924): *' Surréalisme : automatisme psychique pur, par lequel on se propose d'exprimer, soit verbalement, soit par écrit, soit de toute autre manière, le fonctionnement réel de la pensée. Dictée de la pensée, en l'absence de tout contrôle exercé par la raison, en dehors de toute pré-occupation esthétique ou morale.'* The process is also called: *' écriture automatique.'* The result is a *' texte surréaliste,'* the best example of which is given in *Champs Magnétiques (1921),* jointly written by A. Breton and Philippe Soupault. By this process the mind is put in a state of absolute purity, of absolute liberty (as it should in the Freudian confession, though the confession is there *'dirigée'*) and the pen writes whatever the hand directs it to write. The text thus obtained offers a strange succession of images, very often magnificent, but standing by themselves, or associated according to obscure laws, of which one cannot say that they reveal the inmost reality of the mind. Yet the surrealists believe it to be more than a mere experiment. They think they will thus reach a kind of superior reality *(surréalisme),* expressed by new connections between words and images, out of which a new universe will shine out, absolutely untouched by the dirty hands of reason.— *'Qui est là? Oh : très bien: fâites entrer l'infini':* (Hegel). *'Le surréalisme repose sur la croyance à la réalité supérieure de certaines formes d'associations négligées jusqu'à lui, à la toute puissance du rève, au jeu désintéressé de la pensée. Il tend à ruiner tous les autres mécanismes psychiques et à se substituer à eux dans la résolution des principaux problèmes de la vie.'* (*Manifeste du Surréalisme,* p. 46). It may be objected that it is impossible to reach this state of pure automatism, and that the most unexpected contingency may change the course of this inspiration. The surrealists will not gainsay it. They will only remark that hazard may be the least impure of contingencies and that this initial determinism once accepted, the mind may go its way. But they perfectly well realize that *' de tristes imbecillités*

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écrites par des méthodes surréalistes n'en sont pas moins de tristes imbécillités' (Aragon). The product of automatic writing will then give the measure of the producing mind. What then? The 'infinite' does not always enter.

It must be said that most surrealist texts thus written rarely bring us this *'collision flamboyante de mots rares'* of which J. Vaché spoke. And then, the method will soon turn into a *'poncif'*—if it is only viewed from the standpoint of literature. Even the precise notations of dreams have come short of our expectation. So that some dissidents from surrealism have gone back to another form of *'délire sacré'*: that of Poe or Valéry, who, instead of emptying the mind by an extreme disinterestedness, increase its power of creation by an extreme concentration of attention.[1]

Anyhow, the aim assigned to artistic creation, or widely speaking, to poetry, is twofold. First, it is an attempt to bring back the marvellous into human life, and then to purify man through it. *'La force de la poésie purifiera tous les hommes. Toutes les tours d'ivoires seront démolies, toutes les paroles seront sacrées, et, ayant enfin bouleversé la réalité, l'homme n'aura plus qu'à fermer les yeux pour que s'ouvrent les portes du merveilleux'* (P. Eluard)[2]. Tristan Tzara, who after a retreat of many years has now come back to surrealism, distinguishes between *'la poésie moyen d'expression'* and *'la poésie activité de l'esprit.'*[3] *'La poésie qui ne se distingue des romans que par sa forme extérieure, la poésie qui exprime soit des idées, soit des sentiments, n'intéresse plus personne. Je lui oppose la poésie activité*

[1]See: *Les Cahiers du Sud, Dec., 1929,* R. de Renéville's article. [2]*'La métaphore,'* says Lautréamont, *'rend beaucoup plus de service aux aspirations humaines vers l'infini que ne s'efforcent de se le figurer ceux qui sont imbus de préjugés'* (quoted by A. Breton—*N.R.F.* June, 1920)—one can understand the diffidence of Communism towards theories so strange. [3]*'Le Surréalisme au service de la Révolution'* No. 4, Dec., 1931, Tristan Tzara; article entitled *'Essai sur la situation de la poésie'* contains a good survey of the poets whom the surrealists have some reason to make their own. It mainly covers the 19th century, and in spite of some obscure statements is most illuminating.

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de l'esprit.' What Dada wanted to ruin was *' la poésie moyen d'expression,'* a product of a conscious activity of the mind. But *' la poésie activité de l'esprit '* should be the ultimate effort of man towards liberation. Dream, laziness, leisure should be organized in view of a Communist society where it is of highest necessity to provide for the increased need of enjoyment created by a new social organization. Thus would come true the famous sentence of Lautréamont: *' La poésie doit être faite par tous. Non par un.'*

Thus poetry appears as a vaster enterprise than it has ever been. It far exceeds the capacity of the individual. The problem of language will however always stand in the way. New associations of words, of images, unthought-of metaphors, symbols fraught with all human experience, how far will all that be possible and efficient in the future surrealist poetry? Rimbaud and Lautréamont, who by turn, have been worshipped by the surrealists, have separately attempted the alluring undertaking. *Les Illuminations* and *Une Saison en Enfer* bear witness to the desperate energy which urged Rimbaud to translate the poetical activity of his mind into verbal expression. He could not find his salvation in the result and flung 'poetry-means of expression ' over the mill. Lautréamont is a still more deceptive case. After *Les Chants de Maldoror,* which is considered by the surrealists themselves as the typical work of their school, as the unequalled paragon never to be forgotten, he seems to have dismissed his raging, iconoclastic, wrath against God and humanity for a milder attitude involving, even, a belief in goodness.[1]

The poems which the surrealists have written, though they all bear the mark of a similar technique (unexpected and wild associations of images and words, ambiguity pushed to its farthest limits, elliptical turns amounting to obscurity) and deal with a subject-matter which is easily recognizable as theirs (dreams, love, death, despair, revolt, etc. . .)—not to speak of the tone (an exalted seriousness, a proud indifference towards the reader, as much as saying: ' here I am and you may be damned ')—

[1]See: *Les Chants de Maldoror* and *Poésies.* M. Léon Pierre-Quint has published a very good book on this strange poet: *Le Comte de Lautréamont et Dieu (Les Cahiers du Sud, 1929).*

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yet are as personal as any poems ever written. I mean the distinctive personality of the poet shines of its own light. They ought to be studied at greater length than I can afford, with the critical methods applied to other poems. They would reveal great beauties not unworthy of any ' golden treasury.' The fiery personality of Aragon, for example, pushes him towards erotic themes, towards the brutal expression of his hates or of his desires. His aggressive lyricism challenges with an inexhaustible richness of vocabulary, with a rude and sadistic power, all things ' sacred,' love among others, and his last poem *Front Rouge* is a raving appeal to revolution.[1] He is one of the rare surrealists credited with a ' style.' A. Breton, colder, more ' intellectual,' is the thinker, the theorist of the group. A true mystic of the surrealist orthodoxy, cloudy in places, but unerring in his principles, he wants to keep himself *' absolument pur,'* and assumes the rigidity of a Robespierre. He occasionally finds a penetrating accent of sincerity, and even candour. His novel *Nadja* may have repelled some readers, but I believe his heroine, ' a candidate to madness who becomes mad,' is really a modern fairy, the fairy of the street, who perceives without effort the most trivial phenomena under the aspect of the marvellous. She transfigures the sordid into poetry by an extreme ingenuity which reaches the heart.[2]

P. Eluard,[3] at last, enjoys, even outside the surrealist group, the fame of a great poet. It is useless to say he is only capable of *' marivaudage.'* Of course all his poems are not equally beautiful. Some are thin, insignificant. But he has spoken of love as nobody has done since Baudelaire. His language, extremely pure and simple, offers an insinuating limpidity which it would

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[1]The poem *Front Rouge* has exposed M. Aragon to legal indictment. It has been judged as *' un appel au meurtre.'* M. Aragon, having joined the Communist party and his attitude towards his surrealist friends, who tried to help him out by means of a petition, being judged dubious, has been violently expelled from the surrealist group in spite of ten years of common efforts. See: *Misère de la Poésie (Les Editions Surréalistes, 1932).* [2]A. Breton is the author of the two *Manifestes du Surréalisme.* [3]See: *Capitale de la Douleur, L'Amour la Poésie (N.R.F.),* and *La Vie Immédiate.*

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be absurd to call classical, yet which has something of the Racinian power of evocation. A miraculous unfolding of images, the tenuous perfection of the music and of the rhythm, the subdued tension of his despair, the rare quality of his sincerity, enable him to renew thus the old theme of presence in absence:

Ma présence n'est pas ici,
Je suis habillé de moi-même. . .

or again:

Le front aux vitres comme font les veilleurs de chagrin,
Ciel dont j'ai dépassé la nuit
Plaines toutes petites dans mes mains ouvertes
Dans leur double horizon inerte indifférent
Le front aux vitres comme font les veilleurs de chagrin
Je te cherche par delà l'attente
Par delà moi-même
Et je ne sais plus tant je t'aime
Lequel de nous deux est absent.

A word should be said also of André Gaillard,[1] who though not officially a surrealist, cannot be separated from them. I would call him a modern Shelley, so aerial and sanguine were his escapes from this world. The short number of poems he leaves attest an ardent and free temperament which was the promise of great work.

* * * *

It is time to conclude though much has been left out. Other names should be mentioned, like those of R. Desnos, René Crevel, Benjamin Peret, Daumal, J. Baron, Tanguy, A. Masson, S. Dali, L. Bunuel, whether they be poets, essayists, painters or producers.[2] But this essay is a mere modest introduction which everybody interested may easily follow up. The surrealist movement will find its critic later, I am sure. It is henceforward impossible to neglect such an activity which is the surest certainty we have in France at the present time that man is not altogether crushed by the evil powers of a collective resignation of the spirit.

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[1]See: *Le Fond du Cœur* and *La Terre n'est à personne (Les*

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One should not be frightened by the revolutionary trend of their agitation. They have taught us much; they are a magnificent illustration of the necessity of being conscious of all the possibilities of human nature. They are the artisans of a new spiritual progress, and whatever be the judgment of posterity upon their individual work, they will be remembered as fierce and imperious defenders of the dignity of man.

HENRI FLUCHERE.

NOTE.—I have made a few alterations of phrase in the above, which otherwise was written by M. Fluchère as it stands. I hope that I have not anywhere misrepresented his intention: there was no time to communicate with him.—F.R.L.

NOTE FROM M. FLUCHERE.—'Since the writing of this essay *This Quarter* has devoted a special number to Surrealism. I regret that the name of Aragon is only mentioned historically; otherwise the number may well be considered as an epitome of Surrealism.'—H.F.

Cahiers du Sud). The collected works of André Gaillard which have been refused by all the Parisian editors (this is characteristic) will be published this winter by *Les Cahiers du Sud,* Marseille. A. Gaillard died in 1929. [2]L. Bunuel is the producer of the two films: *Le Chien Andalou* and *L'Age d'Or*. The latter has been withdrawn from the screen after violent manifestations of a political character. The capitalistic order of things and the Church are the main targets of Bunuel's destructive lyricism. Some of the names quoted no longer belong to surrealism. Yet they have their place in its history.

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CAR

I consider
the time is short now.
Short is the distance. My car
Whether I step on the gas or glide softly
Will in the marked-off time attain its goal:
City by car to the ship and ship to the sea
Then from the ship to the city. . .

Everything that I am is in that coming:
Infinite time allows that coming to be.

So I consider it
easy, take your time;
Move as a man moves who'd pass out safely,
Move as a ladder swung between two cliffs,
Move as a careful captain who sees victory.

Move . . . but the general sits behind a desk,
Peers at his map through glasses, speaks to his runners,
Life is a game to him and his decision
Springs from no action!

Somewhere ahead of the mind's clear picture
Steps with a tragic laugh the soul and body
Out of the known world to the unknown darkness
Down, down, with a swift deed, defying
Death: for what is death, the choice certain?

So when I run I know the tape is broken,
So behind the wheel I thunder lightly,

So the airman covers his unknown seas,
So the spirit conceived the world and left it.

Given the will,
Given the choice. . .

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THIS IS A WOMAN

This is a woman in the next room, moving
heavily on a bed
in the silence. Unseen she is living
and everything else seems dead.

Only a year back beside the river
I listened to the trees move
a little and then stop. And with a shiver
I thought of my love. . .

This is no particular woman. This is only
a woman on a bed.
She sleeps and does not dream. She is not lonely,
nor loves, nor hates. Nor is dead.
Only she moves. And in her motion
there is a power,
great since without use like the ocean
from hour to hour.

Hers not the hand for thread nor thimbles
nor even the duty of a wife.

. . .In the trees I no longer see symbols.
I see life.

SELDEN RODMAN.

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MARVELL'S 'GARDEN'

THE chief point of the poem is to contrast and reconcile conscious and unconscious states, intuitive and intellectual modes of apprehension; and yet that distinction is never made, perhaps could not have been made; his thought is implied by his metaphors. There is something very Far-Eastern about this; I was reminded of it by Mr. Richard's discussion, in a recent *Psyche,* of a philosophical argument out of Mencius. The Oxford edition notes bring out a crucial double meaning (so this at least is not my own fancy) in the most analytical statement of the poem, about the Mind:—

> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green Thought in a green shade.

'Either "reducing the whole material world to nothing material, i.e., to a green thought," or "considering the material world as of no value compared to a green thought" '; either contemplating everything or shutting everything out. This combines the idea of the conscious mind, including everything because understanding it, and that of the unconscious animal nature, including everything because in harmony with it. Evidently the object of such a fundamental contradiction (seen in the etymology: turning all *ad nihil, to* nothing, and *to* a thought) is to deny its reality; the point is not that these two are essentially different but that they must cease to be different so far as either is to be known. So far as he has achieved his state of ecstasy he combines them, he is 'neither conscious nor not conscious,' like the seventh Buddhist stage of enlightenment. (It is by implying something like this, I think, that the puns in Donne's *Extasie* too become more than a simple Freudian give-away). But once you accept this note you may as well apply it to the whole verse.

> Meanwhile the Mind, from pleasure less,
> Withdraws into its happiness;
> The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
> Does streight its own resemblance find;

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Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
Annihilating . . .

From pleasure less. Either ' from the lessening of pleasure ' —' we are quiet in the country, but our dullness gives a sober and self-knowing happiness, more intellectual than that of the overstimulated pleasures of the town ' or ' made less by this pleasure '—' The pleasures of the country give a repose and emotional release which make me feel less intellectual, make my mind less worrying and introspective.' This is the same opposition; the ambiguity gives two meanings to pleasure, corresponding to his Puritan ambivalence about it, and to the opposition between pleasure and happiness. *Happiness,* again, names a conscious state, and yet involves the idea of things falling right, happening so, not being ordered by an anxiety of the conscious reason. (So that as a rule it is a weak word; it is by seeming to look at it hard and bring out its implications that the verse here makes it act as a strong one).

This same doubt gives all their grandeur to the next lines. The sea if calm reflects everything near it; the mind as knower is a conscious mirror. Somewhere in the sea are sea-lions and -horses and everything else, though they are different from land ones; the unconsciousness is unplumbed and pathless, and there is no instinct so strange among the beasts that it lacks its fantastic echo in the mind. In the first version thoughts are shadows, in the second (like the *green thought*) they are as solid as what they image; and yet they still correspond to something in the outer world, so that the poet's intuition is comparable to pure knowledge. (Keats may have been quoting the sixth verse, by the way, when he said that if he saw a sparrow on the path he pecked about on the gravel). This metaphor may reflect back so that *withdraws* means the tide going down; the *mind* is *less* now, but will return, and it is now that one can see the rock-pools. On the Freudian view of an Ocean, *withdraws* would make this repose in nature a return to the womb; anyway it may mean either ' withdraws into self-contemplation ' or ' withdraws altogether, into its mysterious processes of digestion.' *Streight* may mean ' packed together,' in the microcosm, or ' at once '; the beasts see their reflection (perhaps the root

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word of the metaphor) as soon as they look for it; the calm of nature gives the poet an immediate self-knowledge. But we have already had two entrancingly witty verses about the sublimation of sexual desire into a taste for Nature, and the *kinds* look for their *resemblance,* in practice, out of a desire for *creation;* in the mind, at this fertile time for the poet, they can do so 'at once,' being 'packed together.' This profound transition, from the correspondences of thought with fact to those of thought with thought, to *find* which is to be *creative,* leads on to the next couplet, in which not only does the *mind transcend* the world it mirrors, but a sea, by a similar transition, transcends both land and sea too, which implies self-consciousness and all the antinomies of philosophy. And it is true that the sea reflects the *other worlds* of the stars. Yet even here the double meaning is not lost; all land-beasts have their sea-beasts, but the sea also has the kraken; in the depths as well as the transcendence of the mind are things stranger than all the kinds of the world.

Green takes on great weight here, as Miss Sackville West pointed out, because it has been a pet word of Marvell's before; to list the uses before the satires may seem a trivial affectation of scholarship, but at least shows how often he used the word. In the Oxford text; pages 12, l. 23: 17, l. 18: 25, l. 11: 27, l. 4: 31, l. 27: 38, l. 3: 45, l. 3: 70, l. 376: 71, l. 390: 74, l. 510: 122, l. 2. Less important, 15, l. 18: 30, l. 55: 42, l. 14: 69, l. 386: 74, l. 484: 85, l. 82: 89, l. 94. It is connected here with grass, buds, children, and an as yet virginal prospect of sexuality,[1] a power of thought as yet only latent in sensibility, and the peasant stock from which the great families emerge. The 'unfathomable' grass both shows and makes a soil fertile; it is the humble, permanent, undeveloped nature which sustains everything, and to which everything must return; children are connected with this both as buds, because of their contact with Nature (as in Wordsworth), and unique fitness for Heaven (as in the Gospels).

> The tawny mowers enter next,
> Who seem like Israelites to be
> Walking on foot through a green sea

[1] cf. 'giving a green gown' 16th century; 'having a bit of green' 20th century.

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connects greenness with oceans and gives it a magical security; though one must drown in it.

> And in the greenness of the grass
> Did see my hopes as in a glass

connects greenness with mirrors and the partial knowledge of the mind. The complex of ideas he concentrates into this passage, in fact, had been worked out separately already.

To nineteenth century taste the only really poetical verse of the poem is the central fifth of the nine; I have been discussing the sixth, whose dramatic position is an illustration of its very penetrating theory. The first four are a crescendo of wit, on the themes 'success or failure is not important, only the repose that follows the exercise of one's powers' and 'women, I am pleased to say, are no longer interesting to me, because nature is more beautiful.' One effect of the wit is to admit, and so make charming, the impertinence of the second of these, which indeed the first puts in its place; it is only for a time, and after effort among human beings, that he can enjoy solitude. The value of these moments made it fitting to pretend they were eternal; and yet the lightness of his expression of their sense of power is more intelligent, and so more convincing, than Wordsworth's solemnity on the same theme, because it does not forget the opposing forces.

> When we have run our Passions heat,
> Love hither makes his best retreat.
> The *Gods,* that mortal beauty chase,
> Still in a Tree did end their race.
> *Apollo* hunted *Daphne* so,
> Only that she might Laurel grow,
> And *Pan* did after *Syrinx* speed,
> Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

The energy and delight of the conceit has been sharpened or keyed up here till it seems to burst and transform itself; it dissolves in the next verse into the style of Keats. So his observation of the garden might mount to an ecstasy which disregarded it; he seems in this next verse to imitate the process he has described, to enjoy in a receptive state the exhilaration

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which an exercise of wit has achieved. But striking as the change of style is, it is unfair to empty the verse of thought and treat it as random description; what happens is that he steps back from overt classical conceits to a rich and intuitive use of Christian imagery. When people treat it as the one good ' bit ' of the poem one does not know whether they have recognised that the Alpha and Omega of the verse are the Apple and the Fall.

> What wond'rous Life is this I lead!
> Ripe Apples drop about my head;
> The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
> Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
> The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
> Into my hands themselves do reach;
> Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
> Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

Melon, again, is the Greek for apple; ' all flesh is *grass,*' and its own *flowers* here are the snakes in it that stopped Eurydice. Mere grapes are at once the primitive and the innocent wine; the *nectar* of Eden, and yet the blood of sacrifice. *Curious* could mean ' rich and strange ' (nature), ' improved by care ' (art) or ' inquisitive ' (feeling towards me, since nature is a mirror, as I do towards her). All these eatable beauties give themselves so as to lose themselves, like a lover, with a forceful generosity; like a lover they *ensnare* him. It is the triumph of his attempt to impose a sexual interest upon nature; there need be no more Puritanism in this use of sacrificial ideas than is already inherent in the praise of solitude; and it is because his repose in the orchard hints at such a variety of emotions that he is contemplating *all that's made.* Sensibility here repeats what wit said in the verse before; he tosses into the fantastic treasure-chest of the poem's thought all the pathos and dignity that Milton was to feel in his more celebrated Garden; and it is while this is going on, we are told in the next verse, that the mind performs its ambiguous and memorable *withdrawal.* For each of the three central verses he gives a twist to the screw of the microscope and is living in another world.

WILLIAM EMPSON.

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ADVERTISING GOD

EVERY reader of *Scrutiny* should remember that he is a parasite—in the eyes at least of the authors of *Advertising and Selling* (edited by Noble T. Praigg—Pitman). To hear the 'admen' talk, you might imagine that they were the lords of creation. And they are, in a sense. Advertising was once parasitic in dimensions as well as in function: but it has swollen so dropsically that its parent is dwarfed. A large part of the world won't work even inefficiently without lubrication by advertising, for (as a *Criterion* commentary said) 'the material prosperity of modern civilization depends upon inducing people to buy what they do not want, and to want what they should not buy. . . it seems a very flimsy structure. . . .'

This fact and its implications are apt to be forgotten. The neglect is not surprising. The channels for the diffusion of enlightened opinion are more tightly blocked in the case of advertising than in any other problem: periodicals can't be expected to bite the hand that feeds them. Far from it. The cruder dailies and the more luxurious weeklies are explicit in their direction to buy advertised goods (in one case, at the foot of every page), while there is often a subtler relation between the reading and publicity matter, *e.g.* in evoking and exploiting similar undesirable attitudes. The more solemn organs, whose predecessors used to cater for the intelligent, are unhelpful; one of the pseudosophical quarterlies even published a Defence of Advertising which paraded a string of the usual hack sophistries. Once upon a time there was a Select Committee which made very suitable recommendations on patent medicines and their advertisements. But they were never effected. And the latest committee, on 'skywriting,' seems to have been remarkably gullible; from the fat phrases of its Report we gather that though at first it was 'frankly apprehensive,' its fears were 'considerably allayed' by the thought that this method of advertising was 'far more pleasant than many of the permanent forms.' It appears to think that 'skywriting' should be fostered as a new 'industry.' This year one of the brighter weeklies

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reviewed advertising by means of a questionnaire. The more blatant fallacies were duly detected, but the sad significance of the answers is that those critics who excepted certain advertisements from their general condemnation of style chose for favourable notice those which do most damage, by debasing ideas and language and by promoting undesirable attitudes. Advertising's most hostile critics showed themselves gorged with the subtler baits.

Advertising and Selling consists of the speeches made by a hundred and fifty Advertising and Sales Executives at an International Convention held at Atlantic City. It offers a bird's-eye view of the advertising world, that is of the future to which we are Progressing. Anyone who believes that this country is putting up a sturdy resistance to 'Americanization' should read the account of how the British public was made 'raisin-conscious' (p. 322); or turn to p. 250, where we are told: 'This meeting of American and British advertising agents is one of those quiet, unassuming events, not uncommon in history, which give no outward sign of their real significance.' One outward sign is that the British speak the same idiom, emit the same noises, as the Americans. If England is less Americanized than America, it is in the discreditable sense that less resistance to the advance of civilization has been developed: no English university has produced a *Middletown*. This book provides useful hints of what to look for; there is much of the material necessary for producing an awareness that

> the close
> Of our long progress is hinted by the crass
> Fogs creeping slow and darkly
> From out the middle west.

Fogs which are terrifying because they are so vast and impersonal. But a book like this provides a focus, a target. If it induces nausea and depression, it provides some incitement to resist; it is as if one were eavesdropping at a meeting of gangsters plotting one's murder. Certainly no gangster turning informer could provide more damning evidence. If the 'admen' were not so stupid (this book shows that they are uniformly illiterate), they would never have let the cat out of the bag like this.

Of the backward British manufacturer we are told: 'For

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generations he has held the belief that quality production was his first and only consideration.' And that advertising cheats the consumer by lowering the quality of the goods is only one of the many charges proved by Mr. Chase's books, especially *Your Money's Worth (Cape, 8/6d.)*. But more pertinent here is its achievement in debasing the currency of living—its effects on language and ideas, art and religion. Where the business ethos has ousted rival codes, the church has only survived by competing with the same tactics, that is, by not competing at all. Organized religion in the United States stands square with Big Business, judging by the section devoted to advertising God, with such titles as 'Applying Business Standards to Church Advertising,' 'Advertising the Bible,' and 'Spirituality in Church Advertising.' Its fifty pages are pre-eminent in grossness. Churchmen and 'admen' use the same idiom. Where religion is 'sold,' when 'everyone likes to belong to a keen, alert, up-and-doing organization that is always on its toes,' God is worshipped as the Biggest Business Man:

> 'Above all I would make my church advertising prayed-over advertising. I would no more expect to put out an announcement of any kind which had not been individually submitted to the Sales Manager in prayer, than I would expect to preach a sermon or lead a prayer meeting without so doing.'

Though in the United States business has subverted religion, the religious attitudes are still useful to business, which canalizes them for its own purposes. The religious sanction is crudely invoked: 'Next to God and religion, the utilities are the most important thing in our lives'; and an invitation to use a certain elevator is supported by a list of the 'Very Biggest Businesses,' 'every one of which is headed by a religious man.' The more insidious damage caused by advertisers is the same as that done by certain novelists; by using emotional keywords, 'they call out the religious attitude to support an unworthy code.' 'Advertisement writers,' I once heard Sir William Crawford say, 'should read the Bible, Kipling, Stevenson and Burns, because they know how to touch the human heart, and because they know how to use words.' What this knowledge has done for the language may be realized from *Prose of Persuasion,* a recent anthology of adver-

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tising copy; and similar decay may be noted in many places, from politicians' speeches to schoolboy essays, which are liable to talk about the ' big things of life.' It must be insisted ' that what is taking place is not something that effects only the environment of culture, stops short, as it were at the periphery.' Crude or empty language is inseparable from crude or empty living; and even a slight study of the material available for a comparison of the style and careers of politicians supplies evidence for Mr. Pound's dictum: ' When . . . the application of word to thing goes rotten, *i.e.*, becomes slushy and inexact, or excessive or bloated, the whole machinery of social and of individual thought and order goes to pot.'

' It is more than a coincidence,' says an American on p. 210 of *Advertising and Selling,* ' that we lead the world in industrial advertising and journalism,' for it was in America first that there was ' no sharply drawn line between writing to entertain and writing to sell ' (p. 102). And it is no coincidence that novelists and journalists are often copywriters; they use the same language, *i.e.*, promote the same attitudes, the same ways of living and thinking. What happens to creative talent spent in copywriting may be seen from *Prose of Persuasion,* especially the introduction. The late Arnold Bennett would have made a very efficient copywriter; his career is the type (increasingly exemplified) heralded by Mr. Dennis Bradley (Praigg, p. 74), who foresees ' the time—and that in the immediate future—when into the vortex of commerce, because of the fundamental instinct to live, will be swept our great writers.' All Mr. Bradley's orotundities are valuable evidence. A generation which understands only the advertisers' use of language and sees no pictures but posters, has no ears and eyes for literature and art, and will make no protest when it is told (p. 311) that ' outdoor advertising, honestly and skilfully designed, belongs to the modern landscape quite as much as the trees and flowers belong to it.' If some of Mr. Bradley's rosy prophecies are realized, at least one looks odd in the light of subsequent slumps: ' Advertising is the new world force lustily breeding progress. It is the clarion note of business principle. It is the bugle call to prosperity,' etc., etc. It was certainly a contributing cause to the 1929 Wall Street crash.

Most of the ' undesirable attitudes ' referred to are covered

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by the idea of Progress, announced with a Rotarian note of unctuous hypocrisy. It warrants, for instance, the disgusting optimism which damns as a croaker any critic of the *status quo*, while it provides the authority for any infliction the advertisers may think fit—the Higher Standard of Living, for example—or in other words, the substitution for normal human activities of second-hand amusement and deleterious habits, increasing in number almost daily. ' Soap isn't bought any more to keep one's self clean, but to become beautiful.' A truism the slump should enforce is that peoples with the Highest Standard suffer most from depressions; by being in the rearguard of Progress, the ' backward nations ' are nearer a more satisfying human norm. But advertising ' will do for the backward nations the things it has done for America, in raising the standard of living, in quickening the flow of wealth among all classes. . . '[1] What it has done for America we know from *Middletown* and *Stardust in Hollywood;* and the process is not likely to be checked, even by political revolution—people conditioned by newspapers, films and the Higher Standard would not be more fulfilled than in the prosperity periods of capitalism. On p. 442 we read:

> ' Appeal to reason in your advertising and you appeal to about 4 per cent. of the human race. Appeal to instinct and you touch everyone from the Australian aborigine to the most highly developed product of twentieth-century civilization.'

The ' appeal to instinct ' has helped to reduce the victims of civilization to a plight which savages deplore; at this one dead

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[1]Advertising mission work in Africa:—' EVENING DRESS FOR NEGROES—THEY LIKE THEIR CLOTHES FROM LONDON. African negroes prefer British evening clothes to any other garments.—This is what Mr. Lipos Tichin, a Greek by birth, whose home is in London, has to say about his trade in second-hand clothes with African negroes (reports Reuter).—If trade is moving slowly, he says a film is shown to the natives.—*They see white men parading in the very clothes which he is offering for sale. This rarely fails to clinch the business.*—Ivory, gold, diamonds and crocodile skins are given by the negroes for the clothes.'—From the *Evening Standard,* Monday, November 7th, 1932.

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level, such victims are de-differentiated, to borrow the biologists' term, for as human beings they are losing faculties without compensation.

In this levelling-down process advertising (et cetera) has replaced education; it is significant that ' education ' is one of the words most frequently abused by the advertisers' lingo. ' To educate a great public to think a certain thing about a product. . . ,' and (an English specimen, from *The Brewers' Journal*) ' a campaign of sufficient magnitude to influence public opinion and educate the coming generation in the merits of the brewery product could be effectively taken.' And if we are ' to put our wave of progress in its proper place,' some kind of counter-education is necessary. Education (in the form of schools) is at the moment very busy mass-producing interchangeable little components for the industrial machine; public and elementary schools are at the same point on the conveyor belt. For the average public school boy only differs from the ' board ' school boy in that with his highly developed herd-instinct, his ready-made attitudes for the advertisers to play on, he is an easier victim of exploitation. Visitors to elementary schools note the dulness of the eldest pupils compared with the brightness and self-sufficiency of the infants; and the same contrast might be noted in other schools. In the interval they have been taught to write and spell, and their faculties over-taxed, until they are ejected, inarticulate and impercipient, and left to the mercies of the decreators. If the young must be taught the ABC, they should surely be taught something like Active Reading, to recognise a penny newspaper for what it is. And an Advertisement Defence period would do a great deal more for its pupils than the heading suggests at first; the saving of money would be the least benefit, for a full training in the subject would entail a knowledge of ' the difference between free and wasteful organization, between fullness and narrowness of life.' Some kind of training in critical reading would be useful in all subjects; economists might then be asked what they mean by ' human happiness,' when they say it is the goal of the ' economic process.' This book should have several uses, as a museum of fallacies and as a guide to the significance of advertising, in inducing a critical attitude to environment; for the concern of education should be to turn out 'misfits,' not spare parts.

DENYS THOMPSON.

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WILL TRAINING COLLEGES BEAR SCRUTINY?

THE defects of Training Colleges are so obvious to those (though, as we have to point out, not to all) who have passed through them that it is hard to realise that they are not equally obvious to Training College officials, the upper ranks of the educational hierarchy, or the world at large—as is clear from the increasing difficulty which ' untrained ' men and women find in obtaining posts in schools. Nevertheless, amongst the ' trained '—those at least who retain some critical independence after a systematic numbing of the faculties—the Training College has become a byword for futility, or worse. To mention it was, we found, to provoke outbursts of derision and indignation, the violence of which would surprise those who retain any illusions about the present system.

A digest of the information received in reply to a widely distributed questionnaire will suggest an answer to the query at the head of this article, and, perhaps, provoke a more complete investigation than we were able to carry out. The *Times Educational Supplement* or the *Journal of Education* will, perhaps, call attention to the problem more effectively.

Even in publishing these notes we shall incur animadversion and objection. We have not had replies from every Training College in England and Scotland; we have not discriminated sufficiently between elementary and post-graduate Training Colleges, between Training Colleges for men and those for women; we have not mentioned the one or two decent exceptions to the general rule; and so on. In short, we presume. Our reply is that we presume to make a start, since no one else seems likely to do so.

The problem of course cannot be isolated. The educational machine works in a round—School, University, Training College, School—and a study of the Training College in artificial isolation is only valuable if we remember that it gears on to the other two. The machine image comes naturally to mind, for the Training College, bent on justifying itself to the Board of Education,

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like the school which adopts the business man's conception of 'efficiency' (100% success in the School Certificate), is a machine. So many compulsory lectures, so many notes assiduously taken, so many formulæ repeated on examination papers, so many Diplomas and Certificates, and the 'efficient' teacher is produced. That at least is the impression gained from those who have passed through the process, and come out duly marked and labelled.

'The Training College day,' we are told, 'was characteristically a day of lectures; the electric bell rang every hour to change lecture rooms, the classes filing along the corridors.' The picture is symbolic. Compulsory attendance at lectures is the rule, and in many colleges lectures take up the best part of a working day, the subjects ranging from psychology and principles of 'method,' to hygiene, housecraft, and 'art.'[1] Many of them are superfluous, though to cut even the most futile of them is a serious offence. And the sense of frustration and of time wasted is intensified by the methods adopted in the classroom. The information imparted is dry, academic, often irrelevant and normally suited to the intelligence of the lowest level of the audience.

> 'My training was of very little use to me. I was forced to attend lectures and take down notes verbatim on subjects which I could have learnt more quickly by reading for myself.'
>
> 'We were supplied with numbers of pat little definitions, pure, predigested examination matter meant to be noted, underlined and learnt by heart.'
>
> 'No course took you sufficiently far to be of much use if you had read or thought at all. Usually the lecturers got you through the set books, expecting that you would not read them if they did not read them with you.'

A lecturer who expected students to have read the text books, merely using them as a basis for discussion in lectures, is commented upon as an exception.

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[1] 'Ordinary courses compulsory for all students:—Principles of Teaching, Hygiene, Physical Training, English, History or Mathematics, Geography or Elementary Science.'—From a post-graduate Training College.

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Now compulsory attendance at lectures, even word by word dictation of notes to men and women who have taken an honours degree, might be suffered if there were any hope that, somehow, something valuable might emerge. Consider the student who is about to begin his thirty or forty years' teaching English in a school. He has, it may be presumed, some acquaintance with English literature. What he now requires is help in forming a technique, not for imparting knowledge, but for training the sensibility of his pupils. This the lecturers are quite unqualified to impart, and, if they were qualified, the majority of the students—thanks to their previous education—would probably not understand them. Only a few extracts are necessary to bring home the worse than waste that Training College 'English' represents.

> 'Our English training was merely a continuation of a Grammar School course. We had eight or nine plays for study (particularly for 'context' questions) and we did the history of the drama. Besides this we read on the development of the English language, and wrote essays. . . We spent our time reading the plays together, making the usual remarks on the characters, the plot, etc., writing the usual essays: "Compare and contrast. . . " just as we had done in the sixth form at school. We were thoroughly instructed and thoroughly uneducated.'

It was at this College that a student was 'particularly humiliated' for daring to suggest that *John O' London's* was unnecessary in the common room.

This example comes from an 'elementary' Training College where the problem is complicated because the students have not only to be trained as teachers, but to receive further instruction in their own subjects. But the situation is no better at those Colleges which exist to train graduates:

> 'The advanced English group did Shakespeare with the ordinary English group but were expected to "read more widely." The criticism was of the How-many-children-had-Lady-Macbeth? type. Students were put on to *John O' London's* and Gerald Gould or Robert Lynd or whoever it was who did

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criticism for the *Daily Express*. The more intelligent of the lecturers had never heard of Eliot and only just heard of Lawrence. She asked to borrow my copies.'[1]

Finally there is evidence from a post-graduate Training College where intensive training in the teaching of English was reinforced by reference to Behaviourist psychology. Here the methods of teaching English are analysed with a great appearance of scientific rigour. Reading lessons, poetry lessons, composition lessons, are divided into sections and sub-sections, guaranteed to make any lesson fool-proof. (' Education is a matter of applying the correct stimuli to obtain the correct responses.') The lectures betray a complete ignorance of the mental processes involved in reading a poem. After analysis (so run the lecture notes) comes synthesis, in reading, repetition and ' telling the story of the poem.' Then, ' If the lines really mean anything they suggest a picture. Don't say, " What is the meaning of this line? " Say " What picture is there in this line? " (Similarly, after reading a chapter from *Treasure Island* the teacher is to tell the class to ' draw it for next day.') Poetry, it appears, is solely a matter of exciting visual imagery, and a lesson on *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix is* ' given reality ' by tracing a map of the journey.[2] Amongst all the paraphernalia for teaching every kind of English lesson there is not a hint that it is the teacher's business to ask his pupils ' What is the quality of the mind which created this poem? ' or to help them to find a criterion for discriminating the good and the bad. After this it is not surprising to hear of the ' lack of critical sensitiveness on the part of the lecturer, as shown by his choice for teaching purposes of poems by Squire, Drinkwater, Chesterton and Kipling—a choice which cannot be defended on the ground that it was for children and not for adults, since, he declared,

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[1]Another says: ' When I told the English lecturer that I read Eliot and Pound, she replied that " Modernist poetry " was " dirty." ' [2]The teaching which results from such a system helps to explain why letters can appear in the *Times Literary Supplement* debating with vigour the route Falstaff took on his march to Shrewsbury.

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" The choice is ideal if the poem is one that you (the teacher) like and one they (the children) like." '[1]

This is a fitting place for a note on the usual training in ' Art ' and the appreciation of music:

> ' My " advanced " subject was art. As far as I could see the aim was to turn out as many artists as possible in each class. There was no training in appreciation of pictures, textiles, pots and so on, nor any mention of museums, although all elementary school teachers have to take children on visits to museums and galleries. All the emphasis was on producing something with no standard in view beyond the Challenge Bookshop and Heal's. Much of the stuff that you were trained to produce was good, but it all had a sticky sentimental flavour.
>
> ' The lecturers were limited and kept to their own province. They had almost no knowledge of contemporary literature and probably still less of literature before the Brontës. I doubt if they ever read anything but fiction and a few essays to get extracts for lettering exercises for students. Even their own subject they knew narrowly although they were probably capable craftsmen (one exhibited two water colours in the Academy in 19—).'

This refers to one of the most famous of the London Training Colleges. And from an ' elementary ' Training College we have:

> ' We obtained no musical education from this two years' course [given by a Doctor of Music.] We heard no good music either from him at the piano or from gramophone records. Singing a dozen or so songs and learning a few technical details comprised our course. . . . We were given a list of composers and their works to learn by heart, though most of them were still merely names to us and we had no opportunity of hearing them. At the beginning of each music lecture we had a short test to find out how many we could remember, *e.g.* Who wrote the *Messiah ?*—Handel, etc.'

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[1] From another reply to the questionnaire: ' The lecturer in English was a specialist in Philology and Anglo-Saxon. . . . Phonetics were stressed to the exclusion of everything else.'

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In such circumstances to talk of the training of sensibility seems ironic.

* * * *

After such an exposure of the inability of the Training Colleges to deal with a concrete problem it is useless to expect from them a coherent theory of the general function of education. In answer to the question ' Did any of your lecturers encourage you to consider the aims of education? ' one says: ' The lecturers were chiefly concerned with forcing people to get through the text books for the exams and being definite in their vague way. I suppose they included the aims of education in the History of Education, but I certainly don't remember discussions on the subject. It was too vague for them, I suppose.' And another: ' We were not encouraged to consider education broadly—nor anything else. To take notes of the work that the tutors had collected seemed to be all that was expected of us. At any rate that was all they left us time to do.' The wheels must be kept turning, no matter to what end. So there is no need to share the astonishment of one who, after describing a typical English course, said, ' And yet the tutor in this subject was well qualified and alive and interested in English.' Individual intelligence is not wanted in a machine-tender, nor can it be used when present.

There is no space to give in full the negative account which the Training Colleges, if scrutinized in detail, would be forced to yield. But before passing to the more important consideration of the type of men and women which the Training Colleges produce, it is necessary to mention two points on which a defence of the Training College system may be made; one, the ' school practice ' which is part of every course; the other, the general training in Psychology given at most Colleges.

Many would agree that the most valuable part of their training was the experience of actual teaching for which the course provides an opportunity; the student has not to live down his blunders in a school which he will leave after a few weeks' teaching. But even under this head there are serious reservations to be made. Except in the case of those Colleges which send away their students for a term, to become virtually members of a school staff for that period, the conditions are artificial, and too much is

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attempted in too short a time. ' The usual period of school practice —two or three weeks—,' says a Training College lecturer, ' is too short and artificial. It tends to be carefully stage-managed.' ' The school practice,' says another witness, ' was useful but disjointed. One had no authority, yet since others were in the room no disciplinary difficulties arose. The atmosphere was unnaturally quiet and artificial.' And another: ' School practice wasn't much use because you were never ultimately responsible for either the work or discipline of the class. And the children knew you were a student and indulged you.'[1]

In Psychology, McDougall seems to be the staple at most Colleges, and even the more intelligent are not encouraged to ask questions about, say, Freud, or even the more ' respectable ' Gestalt psychologists. The following extract gives a fairly favourable picture:

> ' " Psychology " consisted chiefly in McDougall illustrated with students' stories of children they knew, as far as lectures were concerned. But the list for private reading was fairly wide, and bearing definitely on elementary school problems. It was all rather rosy though. Considering the material they had to work with the college authorities got a good deal done. But they certainly didn't expect you to do much for yourself. Adler, Jung and Freud were not considered. They were too controversial I suppose. Certainly very few of the students were capable of

[1]There is of course another possibility. One witness writes: ' School practice was practically of no value, because no free hand was allowed to students. Nearly everything was determined for them externally. Even when left alone, as they were for short intervals only, they were subject to unexpected visitation in order to ensure that they were working according to external time-table and official Training College instructions. In addition the student teacher inherited the methods of the class teacher, and any attempt to change these was frequently the line of greatest resistance, *e.g.* A student left alone with a class perfectly " disciplined," perhaps, by a sadist was likely to be confronted with a vicious outbreak as soon as the same class woke up to the change, and be cut off from his future bread and butter as deficient in " class control." '

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sorting themselves out, let alone presuming to sort out other people. To have dealt with Adler, Jung or Freud would probably have done more harm than good. Even McDougall was Advanced to most of them. I should say that for the type of student that enters an elementary teachers' Training College the course was adequate, although a minority could have done with something better. The course certainly kept very close to elementary school problems in a limited way. It didn't produce psychiatrists and it didn't try to turn out amateurs.'

The impression that more ambitious psychological instruction cannot safely be encouraged is confirmed by the report of a student from a College which gives rigorous instruction on Behaviourist lines. A few extracts from his lecture note-book must suffice:

'Teaching may be defined as the art of giving or withholding stimuli in order to produce or prevent certain reactions.'

Thus the problem of education can be reduced to a formula:

$$\text{'Environment} = \Sigma\ S \quad \text{Stimuli Situations.}$$
$$\text{Living} = \Sigma\ R \quad \text{Reactions. Adjustments.}$$
$$\left.\begin{matrix}\text{Teaching}\\ \text{Learning}\end{matrix}\right\} \text{cycle} = S \longleftrightarrow R\text{'}$$

'Whether a teacher or learner it's your job to link up certain Stimuli and certain Reactions.'

'Stimuli must be in an *invariable form,* the very words, otherwise you will not get exactly *that* Reaction.'

'A lesson is not taught until it has been learnt.'

And our informant adds: 'I seem to remember that the lecturer explicitly described the perfect teacher as a perfect automaton, mechanically working the correct Reactions by means of the correct Stimuli.'

After such crudities it is not surprising to learn that the lecturer repeated such aphorisms as, 'The state tends to embody the highest purposes of its best members,' and 'The aim of education is determined by the social ideas prevalent in a particular community at a given time. Sooner or later the schools conform

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to the dominant views of social progress,' reinforcing them by reference to the Cinema and the Newspapers as educative forces.

* * * *

It is plain that the Training College system raises cultural problems of the first importance. This is no less plain if we turn from the details of technical training to the kind of men and women which the Training Colleges produce—for it did not need a psychologist to assure us that the products of this system (unless they are unusually resistive) can be easily recognised as ' types.' Such ' scientific ' classification is too obviously favoured by the system, a system the main object of which seems to be an arrested juvenility, an habituation to routine, and a meek acceptance of the *status quo*.

An objection—But why do they put up with it?—may be disposed of here. At the ' elementary ' Colleges they are caught too young, and at all there are obvious reasons for non-resistance. ' The staff wielded absolute power,' writes one witness, ' power over the future bread and butter of the students.' And another, a graduate with high honours in English, informs us that she submitted to attend lectures on Botany, black-board Drawing and elementary Arithmetic under the threat that to ' cut ' meant to forfeit her certificate. There is nothing for it but to submit—' The tutors have a great deal, in fact everything, to do with a student's final mark. . . . A high final mark and a good testimonial are a necessity (1) to pass the examination (2) to get a post in a decent school (3) to get a headship or make any progress later.' ' The staff maintained its dignity,' runs one report, ' by treating students as nonentities.' Minor matters gain significance from their context —' You had to wait ages outside the Vice-Principal's door and were treated with contempt by the office staff.' And another writes: ' There was as much distance between the staff and students as between the teachers and pupils at school '—which is also a comment on the school.

The mass of petty restrictions which constitute Training College rules are too well known to need much comment. Those who defend them will no doubt be ready with justifications on the grounds of expediency, economy and the like, but there is no real excuse. Perhaps in London Training Colleges composed

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of girls who are fresh from school some reason may be found for requiring students to be within doors by 6 o'clock (7 o'clock on Saturdays), but it is hard to see why the system of comparative freedom which obtains at the older universities should not work well enough elsewhere. And there is no excuse for the Training College, catering for men who are also taking a university course, which allows its students to be out after 10 o'clock only with special permission, which switches off its electric light at 10.30, and which condones the impropriety of a man's going out with a woman only when he has obtained permission from a member of the staff.

Compulsory attendance at lectures has already been mentioned, but the authorities are not content with that. Apparently no student can be trusted to work unless he or she is following the fixed routine of the place. Here is a specimen time-table from an ' elementary ' Training College:

Each morning—9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Lectures (with occasional periods of private study, for ¾ hour).

Two afternoons a week—2 to 5 p.m. Lectures.

Two afternoons a week—2 to 3.30 p.m. Lectures.

(Saturday and one other afternoon free in Junior year, Saturday and two other afternoons a week free in Senior year).

Every evening, 6.15 to 7.45 p.m. Private Study.
8 to 9 p.m. Private Study.

During Private Study no talking or visiting is allowed.

After 9.45 p.m., no talking is allowed in the corridors.

10.15 p.m. Lights Out.[1]

[1]At this college—and others—not even the vacations are free. ' We were given a supply of work in each subject to be given in on the first day of the following term. . . . Mothers, brothers and sisters are employed to help in Handwork and Needlework, while the student crams in the written work, trying to get rid of the burden and spend one or two weeks at least without the thought of unfinished work.'

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Lest it should be thought that this sort of thing is confined to Colleges for non-graduates we add extracts from two reports from Colleges containing university men and women:

> 'Students at the Training College lived a completely supervised boarding-school life, with set hours for "preparation," which was done in a large room, at desks, in silence. They slept in crowded dormitories and were never allowed out at night. . . In the University Hostels the sexes were separate and were not allowed to visit each other, though they met freely outside the Hostels, and were allowed to have three evenings a week out (two of these had to be at College Functions). . . . We were by no means overworked, although continually dashing from one lecture to another. Most of the students did nothing at all except attend lectures—no personal reading or study. One had time and opportunity for considerable reading in Psychology, but few took advantage of this. The students had no idea of studying for interest's sake, and worked solely with an eye on examination results.'

After this it is not surprising to learn that 'Games and dancing and dramatics were encouraged. They were the students' only interests, since their attitude to work was that of schoolchildren.'[1] Another, after stating that attendance at all lectures was compulsory, continues:

> 'You had to study every evening from seven till nine, or half past if you wanted. You couldn't leave the study till nine. In the summer you might work in your own room, but exams were near enough then to be an incentive, so they were safe. You were not allowed to go out with a man for a whole day—you had to come back to lunch or tea or supper. . . . A roll was called in study every evening and on Saturday mornings. You must bring an excuse if you were late. Lights Out was at nine forty-five. Prefects came and put out lights that were still burning at five to ten. There were innumerable rules of the same kind and bells ringing for all sorts of things.'

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[1]From a Scottish Training College: 'Leisure amusements of students—bridge, "flicks," Saturday night "hops."'

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It is hard to realize that immediately on leaving College—a cross between a barracks and a nursery—students, as adult men and women, take positions of authority demanding a mature control of the possibilities of living. But it is not hard to see why our schools are tenanted by nervous tyrants whose energies are centred in the problem of maintaining ' discipline.' ' The students,' says one lecturer, ' do not get enough time to think for themselves.' Training College life is a prolonged and hopeless childhood. We are not surprised to read in one report that ' Hostel heads gave permission for " dorm.-feeds " when people had birthdays. And there was a recognized " rag " on the Juniors during the first week of term when Hostel Heads conveniently went out as arranged with the senior student,' or that ' English teaching methods were all in the direction of A. A. Milne.'

As for the final product of such places, here are two extracts from reports:

> ' The students were generally of such low intelligence and so childish that in most cases excessive surveillance was necessary. The only time they resented it was when they'd caught a man and weren't able to stay out as late as they liked. They had no sense about cutting lectures—they only cut to go to the pictures with a man, never because the lecture was going to be no use to them. They were just ridiculous children trying to live like the School Friend stories and American College films. Naturally there were a few exceptions. . . . G.P. attachments were common. Sometimes they existed between two pretty girls who related their adventures with their men to each other and got the thrill twice over, who slept with each other, and usually walked about touching each other. Sometimes a sporty girl had a satellite who fagged for her and pushed her claims at college. There were few genuine friendships as far as I knew. People made friends because it was easier to hunt men in couples. Almost all of them worked hard keeping each other in the mood when they believed they were having the most wonderful time and it was all just like the " pictures." They were the most timid and mild set, absolutely herd-ridden, but they liked to think they were frightfully daring and gay. The men were on the whole boors. . . .'

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'The highest decoration, the star and garter of the place, was called the —— Prize, a passport to the "best" schools in Scotland. I had the fortune the other day to enter into conversation with last year's Prizeman, an English specialist. With the aggressive enthusiasm of the "born" teacher, which must have gained him his prize, he talked, in a Buchan accent, of two books belonging to the "In Search of Scotland" vogue, of Buchan's *Life of Scott*, and of J. C. Squire's Anthologies. These things he attempted to "put across" to me as of high value, and added that he had got one or two of them as his prize. I made no attempt to discuss, say, *The Waste Land*, *Ulysses*, or *To the Lighthouse* with him, because it would have been impossible.'

* * * *

It should be obvious by now that the problem presented by the Training Colleges is only part of one still larger; it involves the whole educational system, and this, in its turn, cannot be considered apart from the general state of English culture at the present time. Elementary schools, secondary schools and universities must share in the responsibility for the bad state of affairs which we have outlined in this digest. And responsibility does not end with them. Behind the educational system stand the cinema, newspapers, book societies, and Big Business—the whole machinery of 'Democracy' and standardization. So that the main charge against the Training Colleges is that they do nothing to check 'an increasing inattention,' nothing to foster such interests as their students may possess, nothing to encourage an adult sense of responsibility. Their students leave them perfectly fitted to their environment, perfectly unfitted for the work which they should do.

We may end with three extracts which raise the larger issues and which need no comment—the first from a lecturer at a Training College composed of graduates, the second and third from former students of an 'elementary' and of a post-graduate Training College respectively:

'There are two big difficulties. In the first place their previous education has often killed any initiative. At the top of a secondary school they have been carefully crammed and allowed no leisure, at a university they have been assiduously

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over-lectured and have had little personal contact with their teachers. They come to be trained thinking that, if they attend some lectures, by some mysterious process they will be turned into teachers. The unreality and poverty of their subjects to them is glaring as soon as they are faced with the problem of adjusting them to children. They think of them as so much examinable matter. In the second place, as teaching is a highly subsidized and sheltered trade a proportion have no interest in or actively dislike their work. £3 a week as a teacher is better than £1 a week at something else—and there you are! A good teacher is the product of a good secondary school and college where he or she has had time to grow up, room to expand, to find out the things which are of interest, and has learnt how to read. The latter is terribly important—very few of my students can or will read for themselves.'

'It is no marvel that we were uninteresting, being eighteen years of age, having had no contact with ideas outside school life, having been stuffed with examination material for the past years and being stuffed still, not daring to go outside the syllabus fencing, not being encouraged to look round our work and connect it up with life, never being allowed to side-track into interesting points, for fear of losing time. . . . When I left the College I was still a school girl, awkward, ignorant on things outside my school subjects, and entirely undeveloped, but at the same time considered qualified to have sole charge of a class of young children.

'This may be due in part to the present methods used in Primary and Secondary Schools and continued in Training Colleges. The majority of students who leave a Secondary School at the age of seventeen or eighteen are like sponges—ready enough to sit and listen and soak up information but absolutely unable to set about working for themselves or even to go further on the knowledge that is given to them. One might blame the pupil for lacking in initiative, but it is odd that they are almost all lacking in the same way, that they are all so much alike. Perhaps it is not strange. . . . Once in the Junior School the scramble for results begins. There must be results for inspectors, good scholarship results. . . School vies against school, until the work

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becomes sheer grind for teacher and child. . . . Though this might be remedied in the High School it rarely is. . . . Full of information, but still without education, they arrive at College. Even here it is not too late and much might be done in two years that would be lasting. But it is easier to continue giving information, and so young teachers leave College with a Teacher's Certificate and little else. There has been no time for developing personality, no time for culture, not even time for general reading. It is difficult to know how to get rid of this circle; the examination system, I think, is largely responsible.'

'The chief flaw seems to be that the people who enter Training Colleges are so immature that they need treating as children if their parents' and the Board of Education's money is not to be wasted, i.e. if they are to be certified to earn their living under the present system. If a more careful selection of candidates were made there would be less than a quarter of the present number of students admitted. I doubt if these could supply the demand. But if the students were superior the majority of the lecturers couldn't satisfy the students' needs, or could do little more than they do now. And if the colleges could turn out better teachers the headmasters of the schools in which they teach are so unintelligent as a rule that the younger teacher is suspect and generally regarded as an enemy threatening the older teachers' standing, and prevented by established syllabuses from introducing anything new. And if he tries to introduce anything new as a by-product or tries to read anyone's poems instead of letting the children copy black-board notes about when he was born and died and how many children he had, he finds that the time allowed his subject in the year isn't enough for anything but the kind of treatment the other people give it. It's all such a vicious circle that it's difficult to see quite where to begin. I doubt if the Training Colleges are the starting point.'

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Obviously to break it at one point would be an inadequate aim. But we must begin somewhere. And we intend, in subsequent numbers of *Scrutiny*, to attack at other points: an inquiry into the examination system is already in progress, and a consideration

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of the teaching of English will appear in our next number. Moreover *Scrutiny*, as we hardly need to remind our readers, directs itself in the exercise of its general function upon the cultural conditions that make the educational scandal possible.

But we do not want, in concluding, to leave the impression that, because the problem is so large and complex, it is useless to think of starting reforms in the Training Colleges. The criticism brought against them falls roughly under three main heads: (a) the inadequacies of the staffs; (b) the inadequacies and positive vices of the curricula; (c) the presence among the students of a large proportion of inferior material. It is no use, we know, to recommend wholesale ejection; but posts are continually being filled, and those who appoint to them must realize that, even more important than that the lecturer should be a trained specialist, is that he or she should be an intelligent and cultivated person. Negatively, one must insist that it is criminal to staff Training Colleges with refugees and *embusqués* from the outside educational world, school and university: the work is peculiarly responsible and exacting. As for (b), where lecturers are incompetent, it is useless to hope for positively good teaching; but we can insist that the actively vicious things should be eliminated—everywhere.

What these are has, as far as the disabling limits of space allowed, been indicated in this report. Training College authorities (or editors of educational journals) who would like greater particularity can have it for the asking: we shall be glad, from the mass of evidence at our disposal, to answer inquiries general or specially directed. (We should quite likely turn out to have evidence about the particular institution concerned). And we would, of course, gladly make positive suggestions regarding curricula, methods of work, teaching technique and books (preferably in some public reply, in order to economize the available time and energy: perhaps the *Times Educational Supplement* or the *Journal of Education* will provide an opportunity). As for (c), the present moment, when the educational market is heavily overstocked, is an especially good one for enforcing a higher standard for admission to Training Colleges. Not that we regard the presence of poor material as a valid excuse for the compulsory infantility so generally complained of. It is preposterous and disgraceful to treat university graduates as they are, the evidence shows, treated. You do not help young

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men and women to maturity and responsibility by attempting to break their spirit and destroy their self-respect. And even the very immature are best helped to develop by treating them as men and women rather than as children.

Our authority for talking like this? A mass of material, only suggested above, from men and women who have recently passed through Training Colleges or are teaching there, and discussion with experienced and intelligent persons from all over the country.

L. C. KNIGHTS
(For the Editorial Board)

[*The Editors wish to thank all those who helped in making the present survey. A scrutiny of the Examination System will appear in an early issue, and they would be glad if all who have experience of the system either as examiners or teachers and who have criticism to offer would write to them.*]

FROM 'COOLSTONE PARK' A NOVEL

'There is no mass of sincerity in any one place. What there is must be picked up patiently, a grain or two at a time; and the season for it is after a storm, after the overflowing of banks, and bursting of mounds, and sweeping away of landmarks.'

W. S. Landor.

I REMEMBER vividly the drawing-room at Coolstone Park. I remember the old French chairs with their eighteenth century elegance; the wide bow windows which looked over the park to the ridge of hills beyond; and the room itself, which seemed

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always critical of its occupants. The chairs, which stood back to the wall, were the disciples of decorum: it was impossible to lounge or cross a leg in them. One felt that they imparted by their touch a moral code peculiarly their own; or perhaps they had reached an agreement with the critical blue walls against which they stood as to what was right and wrong in society. The walls never quite approved of the pictures which were hung upon them, nor the curtains of the designs of the carpet. The stranger entering for the first time would not be aware of these things. He might even take a chair from the rank against the wall and lounge in it for some little time before he realized that such things were not done in the drawing-room of Coolstone Park. We who lived in the house never made any mistake like this. We knew, and had always known, that our attitude towards the house and its furniture must be one of perpetual apology. There were so many flanges to hold us on the rails of convention. The rails did the steering, and so the journey from our birth was predestined without our being conscious of the fact.

It is quite easy to compare the memory with an emery wheel which, while it makes a thing smaller with grinding, at the same time makes it brighter. I have found that the memory polishes certain incidents and scenes which have been impressed upon it. The focus becomes smaller; but the actual recollection more vivid. It is a case, I suppose, of imagination working in opposition to time.

The recollection of the Coolstone drawing-room which I retain most vividly is in the evening after the long, formal dinner when custom demanded that we should sit and read, or play chess. It was always the time of half-silence. All that we wanted to say was by then supposed to have been said. We were preparing, in the school sense of preparation, for the lessons and trials of the morrow. I see now that the unconsciousness of self was the only thing which could have made this life endurable to us. We should be thankful for this drug, which took from us all power of questioning.

* * * *

It was curious how sometimes, when I returned from a walk, the house, white and puritanical among its trees, came upon my

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senses with a paralyzing shock. It was due to my mind having shifted its impressions and thoughts into a new pattern and then suddenly reverting itself into the old. It was like a number of scattered iron filings swept together by a powerful magnet. I see now the absurdity of being so affected by four walls and a roof. But youth will always erect symbolism round itself.

As for the house, there was nothing really to distinguish it in appearance from dozens of its type. It was the product of the middle eighteenth century. It was a house built to serve people who had very definite notions as to how a house should serve them. Yet they had treated bricks and mortar with the condescension of their own polished culture—they had put them on an equality with themselves. Therefore the manner of the house was sceptical and urbane. The pillars each side of the front door were not only an ornament, but seemed to give moral support to the whole house. And the windows, generously square, were a perpetual reminder that the generation who built them were conscious that the secret of life lay in taking a wide view. The garden, too, was laid out on the principle that nature must submit herself to the same decorum as society. Everywhere nature had been tamed; she had been cut and shaped as one might work a piece of cheese. There were triangular blocks of trees and vistas cut like canals. Only in corners could nature be herself, and then only in a tamed, self-conscious way. It was like putting an obstreperous child into a room and saying, ' Now be as naughty as you like, but remember I am watching.'

In its generation the house and garden would have been pleasantly domestic. There would have been no doubt that they had been created for the convenience of a superior being. The relationship of master and servant (condescendingly treated) would always be apparent. But to us things were completely different. We were in the position of being under a servant who no longer knew her place. As always, the question of servant and master is settled by the validity of domination; and this validity postulates having something which someone else hasn't got. The house became master by having in bricks and mortar the property of outlasting the generation which created it.

My brother was the most typical product of Coolstone Park. By his seniority he had signed the warrant of his own life sentence.

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He had been brought up with the express purpose of assuming responsibility at the works when my father retired. The very word *responsibility* suggests its own subtle dangers. When we say that a man or woman is fitted to takes responsibility we pay them an apparent compliment, but we know secretly that nothing of the kind is meant. We know that those who are best fitted to take responsibility are those who have not the power of creating it—the people whose thin, narrow lives are without imagination. They are often accepted in the world as pre-eminently good, an acceptance which carries with it its own suspicion. We do not question things we do not fear. It is the fate of these people to open charity bazaars.

* * * *

It is easy for me to summarize my recollections of Coolstone Park—the very act of putting them into compressed form brings them to me more vividly. It is easy to see my brother and sister in the light of our common circumstances; but as to that self of mine which showed then I am not so certain. I sometimes wonder if it was the self I know now. I think I must have been a kind of living mirror which reflected things without actually taking part in them. I have impressions which I cannot dove-tail into places where they should fit. I remember, for instance, seeing a woman dressed in black sitting at a desk in front of a high narrow window. The desk was made of satin wood with an olive-green inlay. The woman's face might be that of a relative, possibly an aunt—but the room . . . . I can in no way place that room: it was oval. I am quite sure I have never seen an oval room, but every time that image flutters across my mind the oval room returns, always oval. I suppose the explanation is the fact that the mind forms composite pictures, that it cross-breeds the emotions provoked by one thing with those provoked by another, so that the product is unrecognizable. I am prepared to believe that the oval room is nothing more than a white hat box associated in some way with the woman at the desk.

It is only in recalling small intimate details that my mind confuses itself. The main impressions and events are vivid; more so, perhaps, than they were when new because my memory has

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had time to shuffle its cards; it has put aside those of small value and turned up only the aces.

* * * *

The number of our acquaintances at Coolstone Park was small. They were very much the usual type of person—the type which one can call a human being, but in politeness can go no further. They moved round us in a circle of teas, dinner parties, fêtes and all other such functions at which it is a social stigma to say what you mean. I find it so easy to be bitter about them now, and see their faults and trivialities with such microscopic plainness. But the fact that I lived among them so long without questioning their status, condemns me as much as them. There was one Mr. Walters who was typical of his herd. It was difficult to realize that he had not been born with a teacup in his hand; that he walked anywhere else except in gardens given over to charity bazaars. Yet I believe he realized that there was a grandeur lacking in his life, and that something should be done about it. He had therefore tried to get himself acquainted with the atmosphere of great men. He had read an immense number of books about the Duke of Wellington and collected anecdotes of his hero as one might collect butterflies. His mind was a case of stiffened, pin-set anecdotes which were ready for display on any occasion. I blush to think how my brother and I revered Mr. Walters, mistaking his banality for inherent genius.

My father was the centre of society for some little distance round the neighbourhood: the Coolstone works gave a substantial income in those days. It was a society which was not sure of itself and was consequently driven to take refuge behind a code of formality which insured safety. It was a difficult code for a beginner to learn, and mistakes were seldom forgiven. There were, of course, exceptions made if a person's income was found to be larger than first rumoured; but the Intelligence Department was accurate and knew its work. The code, when mastered, became second nature. I was never conscious (brought up as I was in the academy which formulated it) that I was using a code at all. But all my gestures, all I said, signalled that I was in league with those around me. Unconsciously I kept assuring them that I would say nothing serious, nothing which could surprise them

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into thought. I pledged myself to ask no questions which might be awkward to answer. I signed a treaty of complete acquiescence whose major clause bound me to accept everything in society at its surface value. And yet I had no knowledge of what I did, nor how far I had committed myself. This ignorance was the mutual safeguard of the circle. Anyone who questioned the conventions which were mutually accepted would have automatically disqualified himself from society. By taking thought he would have pricked his own bubble. I should like very much to know how a real, living, thinking person would have affected the circle; but the very act of thinking was incompatible with entry. It is as useless to wonder how air would mix with a vacuum.

Yet even these people must have been alive once. I should be most interested to know how the change came about; was it through fear of life, or a disgust of it? Was the process a slow petrification, or a sudden freezing? It is a thing impossible to discover. If I were to meet one of these people now and ask them the question which I should most like answered, what reply would they give? The sudden shock of such a question might force an answer; but I could not wait for it. I could not bear the reproach in their eyes; they would accuse me of being a traitor—one who had broken the treaty of acquiescence. And I should feel a certain amount of that moral discomfiture which is felt always, I think, when our own superiority shows itself in contrast to someone else; and yet we know it is not we, but mere chance, which has brought the superiority. In my case it was chance which released me from Coolstone Park, and at a time when I was still sensitive enough to get the rhythm of a new life. I shudder to think how near I was to becoming another Mr. Walters.

C. H. PEACOCK.

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COMMENTS AND REVIEWS

ORDEAL BY VULGARITY

Many readers of *Scrutiny* who do not ordinarily see the *Daily Telegraph* have, no doubt, had Miss Rebecca West's now notorious fling of vulgar spite brought to their attention. 'Who *is* Rebecca West?' some of them will have asked. And it must be replied that, intrinsically insignificant as she is, the times are such that Mr. I. M. Parsons' very adequate 'placing' of her in the *Spectator* was necessary. Jealous inferiority, however gross, snarling at unignorable and unsuppressible distinction, can now be taken as authority, and to have to take notice of it is an humiliation to which we are all exposed. It is, for instance, also necessary, perhaps, that we should repudiate all community between our attitude to Mr. Eliot and Miss West's. To criticize him as we have done is to acknowledge our enormous debt to him—a debt that we all in this age share, whether we will or not. If there is no Chinese Wall to keep out the barbarians that is certainly not his fault, but the fault (if one) of those of us who, capable of seeing the need, are not prepared to do our utmost in the building and the manning.

'CHUCK IT, SMITH!'

This heading is not urbane. But it comes irresistibly as the appropriate comment on the genteel, belletristic futility of the essay by Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith that, announced as an 'outstanding feature,' filled most of the September *Life and Letters* and was puffed in two columns of the *New Statesman and Nation* by the Hon. Harold Nicolson. From Mr. Smith's elegant and prolix maunderings *On Reading Shakespeare* it is apparent that he, like most of the cultivated, is incapable of reading Shakespeare. It is the representative nature of his case that makes it worth considering. What responsibility must be laid, positively, on education, and, negatively, on the virtual absence of even the beginnings of Shakespeare criticism, will be brought out by the reminder that Mr. Smith wrote that excellent little book *Words and Idioms*, and

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showed in it the kind of interest in language needed for the critical approach to Shakespeare: nothing but the author's name connects the two works.

In this essay on reading Shakespeare he has forgotten 'words and idioms.' As a result, he can tell us, without any perceptible embarrassment, that Scott 'was, at however great a distance, more like Shakespeare than any other writer'—in a sense a brave pronouncement, however you read it; the ambiguity cannot make the aplomb any less remarkable. Nor is the pronouncement made less remarkable by the concession that 'plays, unlike novels, demand close attention, a certain effort of the mind and of the imagination.' By dint, we must suppose, of such attention and such effort Mr. Smith arrives at the conclusion that '*Troilus and Cressida* . . . is, in spite of the splendid passages, a most unpleasant play.' There would be no point in quoting further: most of the ingredients of the essay had been more than 'twyes hoot and twyes cold' before Mr. Smith set them simmering again, and it is interesting solely as evidence of what the cultivated public thinks it ought to get from Shakespeare—an easy sympathy with characters 'as real as life,' and a mild hypnosis induced by the 'magic' of blank verse. Shakespeare is praised because he provides 'the illusion of reality,' because he creates characters 'independent of the work in which they appear. . . and when the curtain falls they go on living in our imaginations and remain as real to us as our familiar friends.'

For Mr. Smith it is all 'magic' and 'miracle' as it was already for the English mistresses in the best girls' schools who are now lending the treasured number to their most promising charges. Many essays will echo the intoxicated eloquence provoked in Mr. Smith by 'this draught of Shakespeare's brewing—the potent wine that came to fill at last the great jewelled cup of words he fashioned.'

But no one will find anywhere in Mr. Smith's essay any hint of the emotional and intellectual discipline that alone could justify the publication of yet more writing about Shakespeare.

The contemporary world needs no encouragement to suppose that Mr. Smith's kind of discourse represents an interest in literature; and it seems an occasion for those of us who care seriously for literature to dissociate ourselves, with some brutality if necessary, from those whose concern for Life and Letters means an elegant interest in *belles lettres*.

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YE MERRIE BUSINESSE OF PEPPING UP YE CLASSICS.

Mr. Walpole's latest work, *The Waverley Pageant,* besides being an astute business proposition (' 350,000 words price 8/6d.,' ' not even the combined inventive power of H. G. Wells and Edgar Wallace can surpass that displayed in these amazing stories. . .') represents an attempt to revive not merely Scott's lost popularity but also his faded prestige by equipping him as far as possible to compete on an equal footing with modern best-sellers. The method, a selection of the so-called best passages arranged under such tempting headings as ' The Merrie Business of Writing Immortal Novels,' ' Heroes and Villains,' etc., is quite likely to make the book, as its publishers predict, ' a best-seller among best-sellers.' But Scott's reputation is no more likely to be improved by this new device of making him readable by magazine standards, than by the traditional practice of thrusting him in whole novels upon bored schoolchildren. If Scott is to survive not merely as a name in literary history or a rival to Edgar Wallace it will be because of certain qualities imperceptible in extracts, and primarily the quality, as far as possible eliminated by these extracts, that demonstrates Scott not to have been a contemporary of Kingsley or of Blackmore or of Mr. Walpole. Meanwhile the public Mr. Walpole has in mind will undoubtedly be won by the introductory information that Scott delighted in leg-pulling, was normal, healthy-minded, always half a boy, and above all a great gentleman. Mr. Walpole has in fact succeeded in recreating Scott in his own image; he would certainly not understand what is meant when we say that the good-fellow ticket was unknown in Scott's time.

It is Mr. Walpole's conception of the Novel, implicit in his selection and explicit in his introductions, that concerns us. He attributes the neglect of Scott to the fact that he did not choose to deal, like the modern idols, in ' unpleasantness ' and ' Ideas '; had he chosen, ' Mr. Joyce himself might have to bow the head.' After a great deal of this the essential function of the novelist is declared to be ' this hard business of creating a world for us, a world filled with people in whom we may believe. . . Among the creators in this kind Walter Scott is one of the greatest.' Useless to suggest to Mr. Walpole that nothing is easier than to ' create '

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plausible characters; the Sunday newspapers every week praise brilliant first novels for doing it. Useless to assure him that no sensitive reader of Stendhal, Flaubert, Henry James, D. H. Lawrence, could accept Scott as a great novelist or even begin to discuss him as a serious writer; by his references to Proust and Joyce Mr. Walpole shows himself incapable of reading great novels with any profit. Useless also to tell Mr. Walpole that precisely what he admires in Scott, judging from his selections, is evidence for that: his 'best passages' of Scott are mostly schoolboy heroic posturings—he has even included perhaps the worst example in this kind Scott ever wrote; and without the excuse of rescuing it from oblivion either, for the *Oxford Book of English Prose* had done that already (extract no. 326). And this deduction of Mr. Walpole's critical incompetence is confirmed by a volume of academic studies, *Sir Walter Scott To-Day* (edited by Prof. Grierson), where Mr. Walpole writing as an authority among authorities tells us how he has always cherished an admiration for *Lorna Doone* and other mushy historical novelettes.

The Waverley Pageant, besides suggesting an ominous precedent for publishers alive to the commercial possibilities of non-copyright classics, has a dedication ('For Virginia Woolf Who Does not Scorn Sir Walter') which recalls and reinforces some painful impressions left by the Hogarth Letter Series. Mr. Walpole's *Letter to a Modern Novelist* in its unctuous heartiness and insolent complacency could arouse in the intelligent reader only one reaction: Who is Mr. Walpole to give advice to the young novelist, and what can the Hogarth Press be thinking of to take him by the hand? And that series generally suggests that Bloomsbury has anticipated Mr. Priestley's broadcast advice 'To a Highbrow' to have a drink, be a man, and join the new order of broadbrows.

We should not care to have it thought that we have any personal feeling against Mr. Walpole. No. We do not grudge him the fruits of his labours: let him by all means have his commercial success, let him even have his ultimate knighthood (or baronetcy) for 'services to letters,' *but* for decency's sake let him keep his hands off Literature and let those whose duty is quite other refrain from abetting him.

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D. H. LAWRENCE AND PROFESSOR IRVING BABBITT

THE LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. Edited and with an Introduction by Aldous Huxley (Heinemann, 21/-).

There are some writers a serious interest in whose work leads inevitably to a discussion of their personalities. Mr. Middleton Murry's offence lay not in supposing D. H. Lawrence's personality to be of the importance that justifies public discussion, but in discussing it as he did. In choosing to discuss Lawrence publicly he could have had no stronger endorsement than Mr. Eliot's, and to the importance of D. H. Lawrence there could, perhaps, be no stronger testimony than that Mr. Eliot applauded Mr. Murry's offence. And if, again, one is obliged to be more personal about Mr. Eliot than one would like, that is a testimony to *his* importance.

No one has (and had) dealt with Mr. Murry more appropriately than Mr. Eliot, and yet, of so highly characteristic a performance as *Son of Woman,* he could say (*The Criterion,* July, 1931): 'The victim and the sacrificial knife are perfectly adapted to each other.' However drastic the criticism that Lawrence, on the accessible evidence, might have seemed to deserve, he did not deserve that. And Mr. Eliot, though he could attest that 'Mr. Murry quotes with astonishing accuracy and justice,' had, by his own account, an imperfect acquaintance with the accessible evidence. The quotation of Mr. Murry's that he repeated, in order to endorse Mr. Murry's characteristic commentary, came from *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* 'one of the novels,' remarked Mr. Eliot, 'which I have not read'—the plea that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was not accessible would, in more than one way, it is plain, not cover the case. Yet with a lack of caution very remarkable in Mr. Eliot he committed himself to a passionate moral condemnation of Lawrence. Of the passage that he knew only in Mr. Murry's context (a passage from a novel) he remarked: 'Such complacent egotism can come only from a very sick soul. . . .' He had already said of Lawrence's history that it was 'an appalling narrative of spiritual pride, nourished by

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ignorance. . ,' and, to make the force of the condemnation quite unmistakable, gone on: ' had he become a don at Cambridge his ignorance might have had frightful consequences for himself and for the world, " rotten and rotting others." ' Mr. Eliot should be asking himself earnestly how he can make ' an amends ' more adequate than the reference in *Thoughts After Lambeth* to Lawrence along with Mr. James Joyce[1] as ' two extremely serious and improving writers.'

The moral passion that overwhelmed the critic admits, perhaps, only of explanation, but for serious misunderstanding of Lawrence there was every excuse. The novels and the other books do in many ways—in their ' Old Moore's Almanacking,' as Lawrence calls it (he had no humour, says Mr. Eliot), and their intense and narrow preoccupation—suggest the fanatical eccentric. And even the successful art (the judgment that Lawrence ' never succeeded in making a work of art ' suggests that Mr. Eliot was indeed content to take a great deal as read) is far from representing the man. Nevertheless, it should have been plain that Lawrence had much more in common with Blake than with Rousseau (the comparison that Mr. Eliot offered Mr. Murry). In fact, Mr. Eliot might have found in an essay on Blake included in a book called *The Sacred Wood* some admirably said things that might have been said of Lawrence. At any rate, on the lowest estimate of his importance, it should have been plain that Lawrence was for *The Criterion* an opportunity and a test. How it actually economized its obituary honours and distributed its generosity has already been noted in *Scrutiny*.

For several years before the *Letters* came out one's sense that Lawrence was greater than his writings had been steadily growing, as the signs accumulated and understanding increased.

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[1]How Lawrence would have taken this coupling is suggested by the following (which is not necessarily fair as criticism): ' I had a copy of *Transition,* that Paris magazine—the Amer. number. My God, what a clumsy *olla putrida* James Joyce is! Nothing but old fags and cabbage-stumps of quotations from the Bible and the rest, stewed in the juice of deliberate, journalistic dirty-mindedness—what old and hard-worked staleness, masquerading as the all-new! '

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The *Letters* confirm that sense with a completeness that could not have been anticipated, at any rate by those who did not know him. The account of his history ' as a narrative of spiritual pride, nourished by ignorance,' becomes ridiculous. It is true that from the beginning he had a complete certitude of his genius: ' Tell Arnold Bennett,' he writes in 1915, ' that all rules of construction hold good only for novels which are copies of other novels. A book which is not a copy of other books has its own construction, and what he calls faults, he being an old imitator, I call characteristics. I shall repeat till I am grey—when they have as good work to show, they may make their pronouncements *ex cathedra*. Till then, let them learn decent respect.' And three years earlier he had written: ' I think, do you know, that I have inside me a sort of answer to the *want* of to-day: to the real, deep want of the English people, not to just what they fancy they want.' With such convictions we should expect to find some measure of ' complacent egotism.'

But of ' complacent egotism,' in eight hundred and fifty pages of private correspondence, written, unquestionably, with no thought but of the reader addressed, there is not the least sign, and this remarkable fact should in itself suggest that the convictions were not altogether unjustified. And so far from appearing ' a very sick soul. . . totally incapable of intimacy,' Lawrence shows himself normal, central and sane to the point of genius, exquisitely but surely poised, and with a rare capacity for personal relations. It is true that he writes to Mr. Middleton Murry: ' And I very much dislike any attempt at intimacy like the one you had with—— —— and others. When you start that, I only feel: For God's sake let me get clear of him.' He also says: ' I'm sick to death of people who are wrapped up in their own inner selves, inner lives.' But such remarks, Mr. Eliot would agree, are not evidence for his account of Lawrence. Lawrence, so far from being the 'impossible' fanatic offered us, shows himself, under all kinds of provocation, beautifully understanding, delicate and forbearing, while never for a moment compromising his integrity. The intense preoccupations of his novels, it is plain, express no narrowness in the man, but rather a resolution to concentrate upon what seemed to him the centre of the problem. But the problem was far from being all of his life. ' They simply are,' he wrote, ' so eaten up

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with caring. They are so busy caring about Fascism or Leagues of Nations or whether France is right or whether Marriage is threatened, that they never know where they are. They certainly never live on the spot where they are.' Lawrence always lived on the spot where he was. That was his genius.

Not that he was careless of the ' before and after.' His sense of value, like his spiritual insight and his intelligence, was quick and sure. The qualities that made him incapable of self-deception made him the finest literary critic of his time. He had exquisite spiritual manners, and was always grateful for help, but he ' placed ' Georgian poetry in 1913, and nothing could have induced him to pretend that the Poetry Bookshop was an institution of European importance. We find him in 1913 giving Mr. Edward Marsh, who found fault with his craftsmanhsip, Dr. Richards's case (essentially that) against prosody, and remarking to someone else that ' that *Golden Journey to Samarcand* only took place on paper—no matter who went to Asia Minor.' And how delicately he refuses to countenance Mr. Murry's estimate of Katherine Mansfield! Arnold Bennett (' I hate his resignation ') he calls ' a sort of pig in clover.' Mr. Wells—but one could extract a small book of literary criticism from the *Letters*.

Lawrence, then, it turns out, offers a serious ' classicism ' a severer test than could have been divined. ' What true education should do— . . . ,' wrote Mr. Eliot, imagining the frightful consequences of Lawrence's being a don at Cambridge, '—is to develop a wise and large capacity for orthodoxy, to preserve the individual from the solely centrifugal impulse of heresy, to make him capable of judging for himself and at the same time capable of judging and understanding the judgments of the experience of the race.' That, in the abstract, is wisdom. But much may happen between the abstract and the concrete. And the degeneration, in practice, of such wisdom produces something far more common in the academic world—an incomparably less remote danger—than what Mr. Eliot fears in Lawrence: there is a dry rot that anyone may find without much search, ' rotten and rotting others.' A ' spiritual askesis,' ' a training of the emotions,' tends very readily to get confused with something very different, Professor Irving Babbitt's preoccupation with the ' inner check,' and that is only a comparatively respectable form of something

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that prevails in most institutions, academic and other. ' I only want to know people who have courage to live,' wrote Lawrence. And while he could say, ' More and more I admire the true classic dignity and responsibility,' he was moved to exclaim, ' This classiosity is bunkum, but still more cowardice.' Mr. Eliot once remarked how much better Bertrand Russell would have been for an education in the classics. Lawrence wrote in 1915: ' What ails Russell is, in matter of life and emotion, the inexperience of youth. He is, vitally and emotionally, much too inexperienced in personal contact and conflict, for a man of his age and calibre. It isn't that life has been too much for him, but too little.' The difference in diagnosis is characteristic. The bent represented by Mr. Eliot's prescription, going with fear of Lawrence, would hardly tend to discourage ' classiosity.'

As Lawrence should have been a test, so now, as revealed in the *Letters* in something like his fulness, he offers us a test to apply. He was, as he says again and again, essentially religious. Mr. Eliot will point out the dangers of a religion that expresses itself in this way: ' What intimations of immortality have we, save our spontaneous wishes? God works in me (if I use the term God) as my desire.' But the notion that Lawrence was in any way Rousseauistic or romantic would not survive a reading of the *Letters*. ' Is there nothing beyond my fellow man? If not, then there is nothing beyond myself, beyond my throat, which may be cut, and my own purse, which may be slit; because *I* am the fellow-man of all the world, my neighbour is but myself in a mirror. So we toil in a circle of pure egoism.' Mr. Eliot himself never exposed Humanitarianism more effectively. And it is Lawrence's greatness that he convinces us of his actually believing in something ' beyond his fellow-men.' He alone cannot give us the religion for lack of which the human spirit withers, but the fact that he lived and was so is a highly valuable fact. And he helps those of us who, respecting intensely Mr. Eliot's mind and personality, have, though conscious of theological incapacity and lack of experience, attempted to follow his religious utterances, to define our attitude towards them.

Lawrence's preoccupation with sex was religious. Mr. Eliot's religious preoccupations involve an attitude towards sex. Writing on Lawrence in *La Nouvelle Revue Française* for May, 1927,

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Mr. Eliot wrote: ' Quand ses personnages font l'amour . . . non seulement ils perdent toutes les aménités, raffinement et grâces que plusieurs siècles ont elaborés afin de rendre l'amour *supportable,*[1] mais ils semblent remonter le cours de l'évolution . . . jusqu'à quelque hideux accouplement de protoplasme.' Surely the rejection of Romantic Love, Love as the Absolute, does not necessarily lead one to *this?* We cannot help connecting the passage with such things as these in Mr. Eliot's introduction to *The Intimate Journals of Baudelaire,* and concluding that here too he speaks for himself: ' . . . the recognition of the reality of Sin is a New Life; and the possibility of damnation is itself so immense a relief in a world of electoral reform, plebiscites, sex reform and dress reform, that damnation itself is an immediate form of salvation—of salvation from the ennui of modern life, because it gives some significance to living ' . . . ' Having an imperfect, vague, romantic conception of Good, he was at least able to see that to conceive of the sexual act as evil is more dignified, less boring, than to think of it as the natural, " life-giving," cheery automatism of the modern world. For Baudelaire, sexual operation is at least something not analogous to Kruschen salts.' Is this all there is to the dogma of Original Sin? Does belief in the supernatural depend on that sleight with the word ' natural '? Lawrence hated ' sex reform ' and ' cheery automatism ' at least as much as Mr. Eliot, but he did not turn against life, or find it necessary to run to damnation to escape ennui. ' I always labour at the same thing, to make the sex relation valid and precious, not shameful.'

All this is no doubt crude. It is not meant to suggest that Lawrence solved any problem for us, but to suggest why he, more than anyone else in our time, makes it possible to cherish some faith in the future of humanity. If the religious sense that he represents so magnificently cannot be generally recovered it is difficult to think with hope of the future forecast by Dr. Richards: ' Being, by hypothesis, able to become any kind of mind at will, the question, " What kind of mind shall I choose to be? " would turn into an experimental matter. . .' (*Practical Criticism,* p. 347). ' Thank God,' said Lawrence, ' I'm not free, any more

[1] *Not* Mr. Eliot's italics.

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than a rooted tree is free.' While he said also, 'Unless from us the future takes place we are death only,' it was in the past that he was rooted. Indeed, in our time, when the gap in continuity is almost complete, he may be said to represent, concretely in his living person, the essential human tradition; to represent, in an age that has lost the sense of it, human normality, as only great genius could.

How different a phenomenon he is from the *Surréalisme* described in this number of *Scrutiny* by Monsieur Henri Fluchère does not need elaborating. Of that kind of revolt (however sincere) Lawrence says: 'they want to destroy every scrap of tradition and knowledge, which is silly.' This, again, is relevant: 'And yet affection and trust and even morality are not in themselves a swindle. One can't live without them.'

And those who, the plight of the world being what it is, are impatient of any preoccupation with other than economic issues, would do well to ponder this: 'Don't think of me as a raving, impractical, vain individual. *To be material at this juncture is hopeless, hopeless—or worse than impractical.*'

It remains to add that we are all heavily in Mr. Aldous Huxley's debt, and that the index, so necessary, is almost perfect.

F. R. LEAVIS.

A PROFESSIONAL ENEMY

THE DOOM OF YOUTH (Chatto and Windus, 10/6d.).

FILIBUSTERS IN BARBARY (Grayson, 12/6d.).

THE ENEMY OF THE STARS (Desmond Harmsworth, 10/6d.).

SNOOTY BARONET (Cassell, 7/6d.).

It is unfortunate that the first time one should be asked to write about Wyndham Lewis the occasion should be the publication of four books so much below the highest level of his achievement as these; for it means that, while adverse criticism will have the emphasis of immediacy, admiration will be tempered by retrospection. The common faults of three of them at least—*The*

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Enemy of the Stars is a republication of one of his earliest works—are a slapdash carelessness in the writing, too great a reliance upon mere transcription of other people's views, and a proclivity to follow, at the expense of the central argument or narrative, any red herring that may cross his trail. In some measure these are present in much of Lewis's work, but in the best noticeable only as tendencies, to be passed over as the perhaps inevitable adjuncts of a uniquely vigorous style and a mind more than usually well-stored and enquiring. Here, however, since two of the books are expressly designed for a wider public than his others have enjoyed (see the Introduction to *Doom of Youth* and the dust-jacket of *Filibusters*), one suspects Lewis of that contempt for his readers which takes the form of refusal to exert himself.

And this immediately raises one of the most important problems of contemporary culture: that of communication between the intellectual advance-guard and the literate public. How is a writer at one level of intelligence and culture to make contact with an audience at a very much lower one? The Edwardian solution (if we disregard that of the 'ivory tower' which is after all mainly an evasion) was to serve up a mixture of art and edification, in which the jam was scarcely distinguishable from the powder: the post-war answer has been to fall back upon the glib classification of 'high-brow' and 'low-brow.' But that this side-stepping of the issue is unsatisfactory is clear from the fact that the three men, Lawrence, Eliot and Lewis, who have deservedly—though this is not at all to assign to them pre-eminence as writers—become the literary 'leaders' of to-day, should all have felt the need of supporting their achievement as artists with a background of social criticism. How satisfactory their ideological structures have proved is another matter. Certainly Lawrence's attempt to build one is largely responsible for his present unedifying apothesis; Mr. Eliot's would seem to have landed him temporarily in the backwater of Anglo-Catholicism; and Mr. Lewis's we have now for a moment to consider.

It was Lewis's critical writings—*Tarr* received much less recognition than it deserved—that announced his entrance into the literary arena. Briefly they may be summed up as an attack on the Bergsonian philosophy and the literature attributed to its influence; an attack on pseudo-revolutionism; an attack on

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liberalism and the resultant forms of democracy: and these three main lines were supported by a savage guerilla warfare on cliques, a number of individuals, and the mass-mind. The rotten state of Denmark was for him a matter, not for solitary brooding, but for savage invective and vigorous, if sometimes undiscriminating, criticism. Upon a scene that echoed with the gloomy *à quoi bon* of defeatism, a Waste Land where the despair of the inhabitants was too often a sentimental fashion, he arrived energetically and, what is more important, as fully equipped with the paraphernalia of modernism as anyone he attacked. It was the latter fact, combined with the pungency of his style, that gave his criticism its peculiar value. He was not condemning in the querulous tones of one to whom psycho-analysis and relativity are mere new-fangled bogeys, but in the robust voice of one who is authentically of his time. He cannot be brushed aside as an arm-chair critic: he is emphatically, and defiantly, post-war.

But unfortunately he has not been content for his activities to remain purely destructive—unfortunately because by his limitations (*e.g.* his unscrupulous use of evidence) as well as by his qualities, Lewis is admirably equipped as a destructive force; as, in fact, a professional Enemy. For such there is most certainly room; for one, that is, as he says in the *Doom of Youth*, ' taking Occidental disintegration for granted.' But the function of such an one should be, for its maximum effect, confined to commenting on, to directing, in a sense, and hastening that disintegration. It is no necessary part of his business to adumbrate more fully than by the implications of his criticism the future reintegration: and, indeed, any attempt to do so is simply to offer himself as a further object for destruction. It is the weakness of Lewis's case that he does not always forgo the temptation to do so; tentatively, in his criticism, by a somewhat platitudinous insistence on certain qualities; more overtly, in his satiric fictions, by the introduction and preferential treatment of characters embodying those qualities.

This tendency has been apparent in all his work, but its ill-effects are more readily noticeable in the books under review. He displays it blatantly when, in the *Doom of Youth*, he insists that he is writing ' from the stand-point of genius,' for by his insistence he emphasizes his central weakness—that he has two standards of judgment. His eye, so bitterly critical

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when it is turned upon the world at large, is blurred by a narcissistic film immediately it encounters the species *genius*. Yet just what he means by genius, what represents the positive principle in his desiderated scheme of things, Lewis has so far never adequately revealed; though Arghol—the protagonist in *The Enemy of the Stars*—is perhaps an attempt to do so. 'Men,' says this master-spirit, 'possess a repulsive deformity. It is generally referred to as "Myself." This is a disfiguring disease.' But though Arghol is thus expressing his creator's principal dilemma, the 'Not-self' is a shadowy enough concept to put forward as the representative of human value.

Just how insubstantial, one discovers upon investigating Lewis's world of fiction, which is constantly disturbed by its introduction. Of this *Snooty Baronet* furnishes an example. At the outset, Snooty, who is narrating his own experiences, 'wishes to make clear at once that he occupies himself only with scientific research.' He compares his attitude towards his human specimens to that of Fabre towards his insects, claiming thereby for himself a disinterested extra-human view-point. That such a claim cannot, in point of fact, be substantiated goes, of course, without saying, but it may be entirely justifiable for the purposes of imaginative creation. But it will only be justified when—to continue the simile—the animal and insect worlds are kept distinct by the observer. There can be no substitution of the one set of values for the other. The imaginative reality of Lewis's scene, that is the point, depends entirely on the consistency of its unreality; directly an outsider is admitted who is unsusceptible to the laws which govern it, its validity is destroyed. But this mistake Lewis does not always avoid. Just as in his fiction he dulls the edge of the satire by playing off against his behaviourist puppets characters judged and approved by a human standard (Tarr and Pierpoint in his earlier novels, MacPhail in *Snooty Baronet*), so he detracts from the value of his criticism by a comparable confusion of values. When he does avoid the mistake—and there are several occasions in *Snooty Baronet* and *Filibusters*—he shows himself a master of brilliant and astringent comedy. But at such times his romantic hankering after the 'Not-self' is forgotten; he is so completely absorbed into the scene, that his creatures act and live with his own abundant vitality.

DOUGLAS GARMAN.

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DRYDEN REDIVIVUS

THE POETRY OF JOHN DRYDEN, by Mark Van Doren. Introduction by Bonamy Dobrée (Gordon Fraser, The Minority Press, Cambridge, 1931).

The re-issue of this book is well timed. When the first edition appeared in 1920, and when Mr. Eliot wrote of it and of Dryden in 1924, there seems to have been a narrower interest in Dryden than now, to judge from defensive passages which then, no doubt, were requisite enough. Mr. Van Doren argued that ' if there was something fatuous about the opulence of the Augustans there is something desperate about the simplicity of the moderns,' a plea that has already dated, now that the later Georgian poets are forsaking this simplicity for that opulence. Mr. Eliot in *Homage to Dryden,* felt that ' for those who are genuinely insensible to his genius (and these are probably the majority of living readers of poetry)' there were perceptions lacking, a deficiency chiefly to be ascribed to nineteenth century tradition. But during the last eight years some advance at least seems to have been made towards conditions in which Dryden is more acceptable and Mr. Eliot's majority reducible. It is symptomatic that Mr. Davenport should have expressed the drollery:

> Eliot, Rabelais, Dryden, Donne,
> Bless the bed that I lie on,

and though we might naturally expect to find, as we do, references to Dryden in Mr. Richards' *Principles of Literary Criticism,* a slightly earlier theorist might well have ignored him. Moreover, when we see Mr. Richards alluding to his aesthetic system as ' this machine,' and recollect Dryden's insistence that *pictura* and *poesis* shall have rules, we may detect a deeper sympathy between the two ages. Practice assists us; for not only does Miss Sitwell borrow from *Annus Mirabilis* ' in eastern quarries ripening precious dew ' (a line not so grateful to Mr. Van Doren), but she uses effectively the pauseless line with ' the quality of momentous directness ' which Dryden, as Mr. Van Doren tells us, developed from Cleveland. A younger poet, Mr. Julian Bell, has more recently presumed ' with Dryden's couplet to engage the wild

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philosophers '; but others also have returned to the heroic couplet: from Edgell Rickword to Jack Lindsay the changes are rung, some, it is true, in the mode of Pope; though Drydenic cadences can clearly be heard. The revival of Pope was staged in a more popular manner by Lytton Strachey and Miss Sitwell. No such ovation has yet been vouchsafed to Dryden; yet through our poets, and our more professionally academic critics, his credit is slowly rising—a gradual process the origin of which is remoter than immediately appears. In the nineteenth century Sir Edmund Gosse took Dryden's part with greater vigour but less minute scholarship than Mr. Van Doren has in the twentieth; while to Porfessors Ker and Verrall must be attributed much of the valuable and unobtrusive work which was accumulating beneath the surface poetic movements of ' simple bird song,' tree-and-nature-worship, and what not, against the eventual return to our etiolated aesthetic of a fresh conception of Dryden's magnificence and intellectual fire. During the last three years books on Dryden, as the catalogues bear witness, have multiplied, and may argue an increase both in the authors and readers so interested. Yet it is improbable that such a public is large or that Dryden will in our time appeal to more than the whole small educated class of this country; but that he should appeal to the whole would be much.

There is still ample room for Dryden literature; it was a happy thought to reprint Mr. Van Doren's book in England, where no other analysis, so full and well reasoned, is available. Yet misgivings, lulled in the lap of erudition, may occasionally arise when the writer's opinions are expressed; and statements which may be challenged do occur, this for example: ' no poet has talked at greater length about the passions, or about sublimity. Yet no great poet has managed to acquire a firmer reputation as a bungler in these departments.' The pith of the matter is surely that Dryden's Sublime was different from and less encumbered than ours; a simple grandeur, uncomplicated by Salvatoresque gloom, the darkness considered in Burke's essay, the wildness constructed by Macpherson on an Aristotelian basis, and other Baroque expansions that lie between us and the heroic dramas. Mr. Eliot who, I may venture, has an understanding of Dryden even more sympathetic than Mr. Van Doren's, warns us not to expect suggestiveness in Dryden's words; extend this *caveat* to his idea of the

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Sublime, and it may occur to us that Dryden was not after ' suggestiveness ' at all, but after unshaded delineation, to which colour, and not chiaroscuro, remains *lena sororis*. Those who agree to this may also agree that some of Mr. Van Doren's ' False Lights ' are incorrectly alleged to be false; not through a misconception, but through a diffidence about looking, for the nonce, through neo-classic glasses. One cannot help noticing examples of this hesitancy; indeed, the general tone of the book seems to be not unlike that of a counsel for the defence who feels it his duty to do his best for his client (and a most brilliant and learned best it is), but feels little personal enthusiasm for his case, even though he may not be actually sensible of his sympathy with the prosecution. ' His exterior too often glitters and leaves us cold '; ' he is not a prober among mysteries; he is not exquisite ' : these and other remarks suggest an under-current of nostalgia for the poetry whose function is to ' warm ' and be mysterious,—but may not some kinds of art be valued for successfully glittering, and leaving us cold, which is their specific function? Nor does it again appear to be by chance that Dryden's Fresnoyan theory of a generalised and re-organised Nature should come up for discussion under the ' False Lights ' heading. While the nostalgic motive seems to speak for itself, we may perhaps also assume another; one of caution, prompted by the suspicion that unless Dryden is presented with due concessions to the taste of an age not yet fully recovered from the pseudo-Wordsworthianism of the early twentieth century, he will not be welcomed at all. Since the first appearance of the book the grounds for this fear, if it ever caused the author uneasiness, have, I fully believe, lessened considerably.

SHERARD VINES.

NEWS FROM THE MOUNTAIN, by Richard Church (Dent, 3/6d.).

If the end of literary criticism be understanding, and its method classification, the analysis of any piece of writing must be in some degree useful; while that of productions which have much of the aspect, but none of the essence, of literature cannot fail to be of profit, if only as a personal discipline, tending to make one's appreciation of accepted works more intense because

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more conscious, and less indolently snobbish. Mr. Richard Church has provided some excellent material for an exercise of the second kind. *News from the Mountain* is one of the best examples of what might be called 'near-beer' poetry that I have encountered.

Lack of space precludes any attempt here at an exhaustive investigation into the characteristics of Mr. Church's bogusness, but a pretty fair indication of them may be given by means of a few concrete examples. Let us take, to begin with, the eponymous item of this collection. The big news from the summit of this rather tiresomely symbolical eminence is that the author has come through various levels of experience to a state of contemplative impassibility, tinged with a slightly incongruous hysteria:—

> Cruel as stars,
> And passionless as moonlight, I look down
> Upon the waves of that mercurial sea
> Which lies in lazy grandeur on human earth,
> Where all I was, and ever might be, sleeps,
> Sleeps on beneath the drug of material air.
> Now without mercy, I wake to solitude,
> Lift up the silver trumpet of my madness
> And blow defiance over the huddled world.

The earlier stages of the spiritual pilgrimage narrated in this poem are represented by the plains, the foothills, the coniferous belt, and the snow-line.

As a specimen of Mr. Church's middle style (his 'lighter' efforts, as readers of his contributions to *Whips and Scorpions* may remember, are really too embarrassing) I have chosen a piece called 'Latter-day Euridice.' The poet has just taken leave of his beloved at, say, Tottenham Court Road Tube station: he watches her 'vanish down the escalator': he reflects:—

> Who, in that mad, electric universe
> Could think two lovers parted thus, their hearts
> Aching with faith and the deep burden of joy?
> But such were you and I, by circumstance
> Doomed for some days to go our separate paths . . .

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Ah! as motionless you vanish into hell,
Into the bright electric hell of underground
Where stood the slot-machines for sentinels
With lips of brass, ...
. . . . . Farewell,
Modern Euridice! . . . . . .

As verse it would pass for a tolerable parody of Tennyson's style in 'The Princess'—'And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth.' As a conception, as a fancy, it might well have been found jotted down for future use in the commonplace book of any industrious but not very inventive novelist. But, to a person who can enjoy poetry, novelists often resemble a toastmaster reading aloud, perhaps with admirable fluency and correctness of pronunciation, from a book in a foreign language he cannot understand. Mr. Church is like that. He seems never to have mastered intellectually and spiritually the situations he depicts. Hence, even where verbal clichés do not extrude, emotional platitudes still oppress. Readers of *Scrutiny* who feel inclined to try the method of *Practical Criticism* on their less sophisticated friends, might well make use of *News from the Mountain* for that purpose.

GILBERT ARMITAGE.

PROLETARIAN CRITICISM

ZOLA, by Henri Barbusse (Dent, 10/6d.).

A distinction is necessary: when Barbusse is recreating the life and times of Zola he is, in spite of a gratuitously irritating technique, comparatively rational; it is only when, in the final chapters, he discusses the general issues raised by Naturalism and the Novel that he becomes preposterous. It is unfortunate that even French communist eloquence when translated into English should read like Marie Corelli in full cry, nor is this the fault of the translators, since Barbusse's denunciation of modern 'bourgeois' literature appears as purely emotive as her attacks on Edwardian high-life. It is unfortunate too that a member of the *Clarté* group should be unable to express himself in a general way otherwise than in a frenzy of confused ejaculations. What finally emerges from the trapeze exhibition (a dizzy flight from assumption to assumption) that he calls 'logical perspectives' is

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an appeal to ' elaborate a solid and victorious proletarian literature which will set the red flag flying.' This is to be the culmination of an evolutionary process by which the Novel has been moving from the contemptible efforts of Stendhal in ' the confused realm of Romanticism ' to Zola's ' partial scientific realism ' and will be crowned with success if the novelist will but realise that only ' the law of the division of labour ' separates the artist from the social campaigner and so abandon his ' fictitious element ' for scientifically based propaganda. (M. Barbusse's style is infectious).

But what of the system of values by which Stendhal's work is felt to be exquisitely valuable artistry and Zola's only clumsy and now unreadable journalism? What are to be the values of this victorious proletarian literature? Perhaps the standards of proletarian criticism are most seizable in the judgment Barbusse passes on the author of *War and Peace*: ' a very great writer unfortunately sterilized by the mean crust of decrepit superstitious adorations with which he encased his great heart.' After this he assures us: ' My position here is solely that of literature, of the man of letters. I am not making an artistic creed depend on a political creed.' Well, well. Observing how sedulously our English Barbusses push their claims to Lawrence as a proletarian artist—Lawrence who so freely expressed his loathing of democracy and the masses—one wondered why such a doubtful claim was not abandoned in favour of Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress* being the only work of art in the language that results from a genuine popular culture; one had of course overlooked the fact that Bunyan was sterilized by a mean crust of decrepit superstitious adorations.

Q. D. LEAVIS.

THE COMMON READER: SECOND SERIES, by Virginia Woolf (Hogarth Press, 10/6d.).

If of a critic we expect an adequate response to contemporary writing and in his work on the past a constant reference forward to the present, *The Common Reader: First Series* was a contribution to criticism and the *Second Series* is not. Mrs. Woolf's interest in the past is not as helpful as it might be; an interest in amiable eccentrics has become almost exclusive, and even Donne is approached from this angle. The treatment accorded to him is

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symptomatic: the verdict (from a highly respectful essay on Meredith) runs ' he will be read, one may guess, by fits and starts; he will be forgotten and discovered and again discovered and forgotten like Donne, and Peacock, and Gerard Hopkins.' There is nothing here to give a sense of direction to a reader floundering in the annual fourteen thousand book spate; a strenuous interest in modern literature, one would have thought, could hardly have produced so mild and incomplete a statement as ' It may be doubted if the Bedfords and the Drurys and the Herberts were worse influences than the libraries and newspaper proprietors who fill the office of patron nowadays ' (*Donne after Three Centuries*).

Something seems to have happened to the author of *How it Strikes a Contemporary* and the publisher of *Hunting the Highbrow*. Perhaps it has become too unpleasant to be hunted; perhaps Mrs. Woolf really does concur with the Common Reader whose sanction she seeks—the wrapper unplausibly insists on 'unprofessional critic.' And a revised account of that Common Reader is overdue. Is he the religious book-of-the-week soaker? Or the man who Does as He Likes? For what would Arnold have said to this: ' The only advice, indeed, that one person can give another about reading is to take no advice, to follow your own instincts, to use your own reason, to come to your own conclusions.' This advice was given to a school. As it embodies a heresy noisily preached by popular authors with interests vested in giving the public what it wants in absence of standards and authority, it comes strangely from the critic who earlier deplored the want of ' a rule, a discipline, which controlled the great republic of readers in a way which is now unknown.'

This collection does not help the Common Reader to discriminate. But there are several good essays, on Sterne, George Gissing and De Quincey; and that on Hardy's Novels is especially welcome in the dearth of good criticism of this author. Many of these essays are the product of misplaced creative talent, but Mrs. Woolf does not attempt to write a novel about Hardy. Innocence, not malice, is the reason for her critical misdirections; which are thus more sinister, more dangerous, for the profiteers from the Gre-eat Tradition of Ye English Novel acquire a valuable, because disinterested, ally. Mrs. Woolf's interest in Scott is not on the same footing as that of his centenary advertisers.

DENYS THOMPSON.

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'LORD, WHAT WOULD THEY SAY . . . ?'

VISIONS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ALBION, by William Blake. Full-colour facsimile (Dent, 15/-).

The police, it is said, when Lawrence's paintings were being seized, asked also for a warrant against one William Blake, a fellow-exhibitor and -offender. And, though Blake died a hundred years ago, it does strike one with fresh surprise, every time one opens his works, that he should be prescribed by dons for undergraduate study. For he is as lethal as Lawrence to the smoke-room story—a terrifying cleanser; and to be so is, where Restoration Comedy is applauded on the modern stage by conservative moralists of both sexes, the unforgivable immorality. Nothing could bring home more strongly that the accepted classics, though perused, are rarely read. Decorous scholars, maiden ladies and Garden Suburb uplifters pore over the Prophetic Books to piece together the meaning—

> Lord, what would they say
> Should their Catullus walk that way?

Their approach, of course, preserves Blake's meaning from ever being surprised by them. And we may be sure that, if academic studies survive fifty years hence, Lawrence will suffer the same mummifying consecration. The meaning of the *Visions of the Daughters of Albion,* the most lucid of the prophecies, is plain enough—too explicit, in places, for quotation; this negative formulation, from *A Song of Liberty,* comes as close as will serve: 'Let the Priests of the Raven of Dawn no longer, in deadly black, with hoarse note curse the sons of joy. . . Nor pale religious letchery call that virginity that wishes but acts not!' Yet even in the *Visions,* where there is so much poetry, one sees what Lawrence meant by saying: 'Blake, too, was one of those ghastly, obscene *knowers.*' Blake's inadequate art ('bad art') betrays him to Urizen, who has a predominant hand in the prophecies. That is, the analysis gets lost among abstractions, and Blake, ultimately, among words. The grip and coherence of Lawrence's most 'prophetic' work comes out in the contrast: even *Women in Love* no longer looks like mere disaster. The

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novel, one realizes, offered Lawrence far more appropriate methods for this kind of exploration than any Blake could hit on. But if Lawrence in this respect was favoured by the age one must not inadvertently appear to slight his superior genius: Lawrence was much the greater of the two.

Messrs. Dent, in these facsimile reproductions, are doing a great service. The colours, so far as one can judge without seeing the originals for comparison, are good. The enterprise deserves support.

F. R. LEAVIS.

MUSIC IN LONDON 1890-94, by Bernard Shaw (Constable, 3 Vols. 6/- each).

The future musical historian will be grateful to Mr. Shaw for leaving him such a complete and entertaining picture of a very important period in the history of English taste, and for once the reader of the present can agree with the historian in finding these volumes useful and interesting. For the first impression of a musician in reading these reviews of forty years ago can scarcely fail to be one of satisfaction. Dissatisfaction with present conditions will give place for a time to gratitude for what has been accomplished since that day. Music has won a position in the cultural life of the critical few that it did not enjoy in the nineteenth century.

The England of Shaw's reviews was still very much under the domination of heavy and pretentious German masters. The Latin genius had not yet managed to throw off the stiff rhythm of the classical harmonists, and the English cared too little for music to try to think for themselves. They went on pretending to be edified by lifeless imitations of Mendelssohn and Gounod, and Wagner was still something of a revolutionist to most of them, though he had been dead twenty years.

A change, however, was beginning, and Shaw was admirably fitted to help in forming a more intelligent public. To natural good taste in music he added a critical understanding and appreciation

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of the other arts; and this was just what music most needed at a time when it was a prey to suburban young ladies and professionals of little general culture. He indicates quite clearly his own limitations. History only interests him when it has a direct bearing on the present: he tells us that he always begins a history of music at the end and works slowly to the front. Nor does purely technical analysis interest him: ' It is perhaps natural that gentlemen who are incapable of criticism should fall back on parsing; but for my own part, I find it better to hold my tongue when I have nothing to say.' These limitations are assets, for they allow the free expression of sensibility unclouded by academic irrelevancies.

If Shaw had a blind spot, it was Brahms, though one is glad that he was never taken in by the Requiem and that he ' never could stand Brahms when he was serious.' Of course there is a good deal of Wagnerian propaganda in the perfect Wagnerite's reviews, but that does not prevent him from perceiving 'that Wagner was the end of the nineteenth-century, or Beethoven, school, instead of the beginning of the twentieth-century school; just as Mozart's most perfect music is the last word of the eighteenth century, and not the first word of the nineteenth.' On the other hand, ' Bach belongs, not to the past, but to the future—perhaps the near future.'

This clear perception of where advance would be made and with what inspiration the coming generation would be fed enabled Shaw to see the shallowness of many of the tricks of modernity. ' The rule for making music sound modern. . . is to write ordinary diatonic harmonies, and then go over with a pen and cross the t's as it were, by sharpening the fifths in the common chords.' It also enabled him to assess the true value of the new English school, whose appearance is the most significant fact of this period. He praised the 'absolute music' of Parry and Stanford ,but ridiculed their dull oratorios. Above all, he saw that their chief lack was good criticism. ' If you doubt that Eden is a masterpiece, ask Dr. Parry and Dr. Mackenzie, and they will applaud it to the skies. Surely Dr. Mackenzie's opinion is conclusive; for is he not the composer of Veni Creator, guaranteed as excellent music by Professor Stanford and Dr. Parry? You want to know who Dr. Parry is? Why the composer of Blest Pair of Sirens, as to whose merits you have only to consult Dr. Mackenzie and Professor Stan-

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ford.' Music is not the only art that suffers in this way, and it is well to have a critic as incorruptible as Shaw, and one whose sensibility so sturdily insists that ' there is nothing a genuine musician regards with more jealousy than an attempt to pass off the forms of music for music itself.'

BRUCE PATTISON.

READING ABOUT ART

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LANGUAGE OF PAINTING AND DRAWING, by Arthur Pope : Vol. I, 1929; Vol. II, 1931 (Harvard University Press—Oxford, Humphrey Milford, 13/6d. each).

PRINCIPLES OF ART HISTORY, by Heïnrich Wölfflin (Bell, 16/-).

THE SUBSTANCE OF ARCHITECTURE, by A. S. G. Butler (Constable, 7/6d.).

The preface to Mr. Pope's series, *An Introduction to the Language of Painting and Drawing,* is a clear presentation of an important duty of the art critic. He aims, he says, to give a detailed analysis of the representational possibilities of painting and drawing, a ' rhetoric ' of these arts. It is to be of service to the layman, who since the nineteenth century has been the chief patron, and to the artist. Since the decay of the apprentice system of study (which coincides with the rise of popular patronage) the young artist has not been able to acquire that technical information which used to be his heritage from the master under whom he worked. The information was not as complete as that Mr. Pope supplies, but it was all that was necessary to do work in the prevailing artistic tradition. Since, however, there is to-day no tradition the partiality of the knowledge given by ' academies ' cannot be excused. This condition Mr. Pope hopes to remedy. His final remark is that a ' rational eclecticism ' is the inevitable course of modern art. This opinion one may accept or not, but denying it does not make understanding of the possibilities of art any less necessary—for artist, critic, or amateur.

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The first volume of the series discusses colour, or more technically, tonal relations. The relations of colour are represented by a three-dimensional mathematical figure, which although a hard task to understand is a tremendous help in perceiving qualities and differences of paintings. The volume concludes with a short chapter on the palettes used by various schools and the sort of colour harmony which they employed. The second book takes up the different modes of drawing and painting, as for instance the possibilities of line, illustrated by Chinese, Renaissance and modern examples. The book is short and clear. Yet to appear are the third and fourth volumes, which will analyse design and the actual processes of drawing and painting.

Herr Wölfflin's *Principles of Art History* is a book which was published in German in 1915, and since then its ideas have found their way into most schools where art history is taken seriously. To the student it will sound familiar; for others it should be the best introduction to the problems of the history of style. The differences between western European art of the sixteenth century—architecture, painting, and sculpture—and that of the seveneenth century (the Baroque) are exhaustively analysed. Differences of race and individual personality are also brought out but are kept subordinate to the two larger categories. Herr Wölfflin does not attempt to estimate the worth of one period over the other but rather to show that such an attempt is impossible since the two are completely integrated and self-sufficient styles, each in itself. Further, the Baroque cannot be considered as a mere decay of classicism. Although growing out of classicism inevitably, it was at its height a homogeneous attitude. ' It is comprehensible that the conception of a unity of parts whose independence has been swamped in the total effect [the Baroque] could only succeed the system with independently developed parts [the sixteenth century classic], that to play with the hidden adherence to rule presupposes the stage of obvious adherence to rule.' The Quattrocento was a period of experiment, unsure of its ultimate intentions, bound by plane-composition and struggling to get free, while the artists of the sixteenth century knew that they wanted to compose in planes and hence used the discoveries of the previous century—for example, foreshortening and perspective—to strengthen their effects.

The greater part of the book is taken up with the analysis and

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comparison of the two great styles, by means of five opposing pairs of concepts. The method yields in the main convincing results. The analysis of Baroque art, however, tends in places to be vague and impressionistic, more than the treatment of the classic. One chapter contrasts the ' clearness ' of classic art with the ' unclearness ' of Baroque. That classic forms are clearly defined is incontestable, but to suppose that the Baroque was fundamentally interested in the half-seen and unclear for itself seems a misinterpretation; rather their interest in movement leads them to stress part of a form and suppress the rest as an inevitable technical device. Similarly there is throughout too much emphasis on the ' apparently adventitious ' in the Baroque; most examples of this can also be shown to be a device for producing the subtle movement which was most desired. The suggestion of movement and illimitable space as opposed to repose and limited space is the essential contrast, and this contrast is sometimes obscured by Herr Wölfflin's concern with secondary matters.

The discussion of the part played by colour is highly unsatisfactory, because vague. For a clear understanding it is always necessary to supply the more detailed analyses of Mr. Pope. It is the duty of the art critic first to speak as explicitly as possible of explicit things in a work of art—tone relations, design, use of line, and so forth; then if necessary he may make impressionistic generalizations. Thus the statement (as specific as Herr Wölfflin becomes about colour): ' Uniform clearness of colour is replaced by partial clearness of colour. Colour is not there from the outset, finished at all points: it becomes.'—That is vague and inefficient; without precise explanation and illustration it is liable to be misleading.

The book also considers other developments from a classic to a Baroque style, such as occurred in French sculpture between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. These are homonymous developments, similar in outline, but with different starting points and aims. The conclusion to be drawn by the historian of style is that ' the development—will only fulfil itself where the forms have passed from hand to hand long enough or, better expressed, where the imagination has occupied itself with form actively enough to make it yield up its Baroque possibilities.'

Mr. Pope's series of volumes, as an introduction to clear

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seeing, and Herr Wölfflin's presentation of the problems of the history of style are important books. One can only indicate their contents and hope that readers may be lured.

It is doubtful if anyone would read far enough in Mr. Butler's *The Substance of Architecture* to justify a discussion of its fallacies and ambiguities. Obviously Mr. Butler's intentions were honest. but one objects to the results. To quote two sentences at random is enough: ' Beauty is æsthetic value in the appearance of objects. Though assumed to be subjective, the æsthetic value is due to a particular quality in the appearance of things which have always been considered beautiful.'

DONALD CULVER.

THE SALUTATION, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Chatto and Windus, 7/6d.).

In *Lolly Willowes* this author's slender talent for handling the *conte* of David Garnett with persuasive *chic* produced a certain success, compromised only by the writer's occasional uncertainty as to the precise degree of seriousness to which she was committed. In this new volume of short stories she engages more earnestly, but on experiments where her special qualifications are useless. The sophisticated playfulness that gave distinction to *Lolly Willowes* is ineffective when Defoe and T. F. Powys, who rely on personal modes of feeling, are the models. Now the naïve expression of genuine feeling is not in Miss Warner's bag of literary tricks. So that in these stories, though each is based on a clever enough idea and worked out carefully to pattern, the sensitive reader finds only a sterile exercise, lacking the genuine poignancy always present in T. F. Powys even when, at his worst, he appears to be merely using a formula himself. Miss Warner, and this is true of the class of writer to which she belongs, is ineffective in proportion to her pretentions. This is shown by the title-story: it is pseudo-sensitive, the undertaking demanding a far deeper kind of sensibility than Miss Warner possesses. This is of course to apply serious standards; it hardly needs saying that *The Salutation* is far above circulating library level.

Q.D.L.

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AN AMERICAN LEAD

THE EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE, by Alexander Meiklejohn (Harper, $3).

It is to be feared that Dr. Meiklejohn's book will receive less attention in England than Dr. Flexner's (reviewed in the first number of *Scrutiny* by Dr. Willard Thorp). *Universities, American, English and German* offered rich nourishment to English complacency, and the critical comments on English universities, as, for instance, on the contrast between the Faculty System in intention (the Royal Commission's) and in effect, were put with a modest uninsistence that made it possible to ignore them. *The Experimental College,* on the other hand, should make the English reader blush. Can one imagine in any English university the kind of experiment sanctioned by the ' Faculty of Letters and Science in the University of Wisconsin,' and recorded by Dr. Meiklejohn? We are apt to forget, in groaning over the effects of the Harvard tradition in ' English ' as reported by admirers and sufferers, and chuckling over the Business Courses, the degrees in Short-story Writing and the dissertations on Dish-Washing so frankly exhibited by Dr. Flexner, that the American academic world is also distinguished from the British by a readiness and a capacity, in places, to examine fundamentals and attempt the most arduous and uncomfortable re-orientations: ' At very considerable cost in distraction and strain, the Advisers at least have been going through a lively process of liberal education,' says Dr. Meiklejohn characteristically.

The ' Advisers,' or directors of the experiment, asked themselves, not as a matter of theory that might be left comfortably in the abstract, but with the concrete problems of application immediately in view: what should be the aim of education at the university phase (which, they insist, must be considered in its place in the whole process)? Their short answer is, ' Intelligence.' The admirable way in which Dr. Meiklejohn expands and interprets the term by reference to ' the power of self-direction in the affairs of life,' understanding of the contemporary world and active appreciation of the ' human values ' cannot be done justice to in this short review. Indeed, the book came to hand too late to be adequately dealt with in this number; and yet it seems

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too valuable, and too immediately relevant to the aims of *Scrutiny*, to be put aside till next quarter. So the reader is recommended, in the strongest terms, to correct by reading it the injustice it inevitably suffers here.

The great service that *The Experimental College* performs is not more a matter of sound conclusions established than of criticism invited. It may seem ungracious, but it is really a compliment, to insist on the latter in this review. To come back, then, to the term 'intelligence': Dr. Meiklejohn would agree that the force of it for the critic depends less on definitions and elucidations than on the concrete interpretation that it receives in practice. It must be said, then, that the conception of 'intelligence,' and consequently of 'education,' exhibited in *The Experimental College* is inadequate. There is no room here to state fairly how the plan of making the undergraduate in his first two years study and contrast the two civilizations, Athenian and American, actually developed. The fundamental misconception that remained, apparently, unperceived, peeps from behind these questions, proposed to the student without any hint of the real nature of the problem that they cover (pp. 78-9): 'How much do you think you lost of the Greeks and the Elizabethans by the fact that their writings are inevitably reflections of a way of life different in many respects from ours? How much of your interest and pleasure was derived from the characters and ideas represented? How much from the beauty and power of the ordering and writing? How clearly can you distinguish those two kinds of satisfaction?' etc. But the students, it appears, are assumed for the most part not to know Greek. (And even if they did——.) The crudeness of the notion of 'reading' ('We have two years in which to train young men in the art of reading for intelligence') implied here has correlates more immediately disconcerting in such things as this: 'When the freshmen were reading the Greek dramas we urged them to read also Ibsen and O'Neill. . . .' (p. 55). We cannot get out of relating this to the following entry in Appendix IV (p. 385), under *Talks for the Period*: 'Tuesday, February 10th, "A New 'House of Atreus,'" Mr. B.' What kind of 'An Approach to Poetry' can have been illustrated a week earlier by the same Mr. B., and what kind of education in reading can have been provided by Advisers who could innocently

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accept the *Mourning Becomes Electra,* or anything else of Eugene O'Neill?

The reviewer will, perhaps, be pardoned if he refers back to what he wrote under the title of *The Literary Mind* in the first number of *Scrutiny;* what can be said here must be manifestly and frankly inadequate. There is room for little more than the bare insistence that the training of intelligence towards which Dr. Meiklejohn points without realizing it (' a well-trained intelligence is not primarily a set of remembered formulas, but a kind of intellectual sensitiveness, an ability to use one's eyes when a situation is presented, to use one's ears when it is described, to use one's mind when its nature or its interests are to be considered. . . ')—that this training of intelligence must be at the same time a training of sensibility. It is not merely that without an ability to read literature (that is, to see that Eugene O'Neill doesn't exist), and without a sense of the human tradition such as cannot be acquired apart from an education in literature, one cannot acquire the sense of ' human values ' desiderated. It is that, if one cannot see that it is impossible to read Aeschylus (in English or Greek) as one reads Shakespeare, then one cannot read Shakespeare in any serious sense; and if one cannot read Shakespeare, then one cannot think (with the kind of ' thinking,' at least, that I am sure Dr. Meiklejohn, if it were put to him, would agree to be implied in his undertaking).

The training of sensibility indicated gives that capacity for testing and controlling abstractions for lack of which so much apparently rigorous thinking produces nothing more than cerebral corrugations. Let Dr. Meiklejohn look, for instance, at the review of Professor Irving Babbitt that fills twenty-four pages in the *Hound and Horn* for October-December, 1932, and reflect on the waste (and worse, probably, if one considers Professor Babbitt's ' thirty years of influence ') represented both by the reviewer and his subject. All that energy, that earnestness, and that cerebration, and nothing at the end where it wasn't to begin with! Cannot Dr. Meiklejohn see the connection between this futility of abstractions and verbalisms and Professor Babbitt's admitted lack of interest in contemporary literature (that is, in any)?

The true tribute to Dr. Meiklejohn and his colleagues would be to suggest how the spirit, and, to a great extent, the technique, of

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the Experimental College, might be applied in a real training of intelligence, a real education, which should start from, and be always closely associated with, the training of sensibility in the literature of the student's own language (where alone it is possible). But this must wait till the next number of *Scrutiny*.

F. R. LEAVIS.

RESOLUTE OPTIMISM, PROFESSIONAL AND PROFESSORIAL

LEISURE IN THE MODERN WORLD, by C. Delisle Burns (Allen and Unwin, 8/6d.).

SUCCESSFUL LIVING IN THIS MACHINE AGE, by Edward A. Filene (Cape, 7/6d.).

The second book, by a successful American business-man (who is introduced and endorsed by Sir Francis Goodenough, C.B.E.), is to be recommended for study as an extremely efficient exposition of the philosophy that ' the greatest total profits can be obtained only if the masses can and do enjoy a higher and ever higher standard of living.' One admires the conviction that puts it forth in the year 1932. And hunger-marchers, in America and England, might be impatient with Mr. Filene if he tried to explain to them what had gone wrong. Yet there is probably a good deal to be said for Mr. Filene's book as a forecast of the future, and 'standard of living,' to do him justice, appears to be a more radical concept for him than ' profit.' Capitalism, in him, points unwittingly forward to a kind of communism: the reader will, perhaps, pray to be delivered from that kind.

Mr. Filene's book is a more respectable thing than that of Mr. Delisle Burns, who is without convictions, courage or excuse. He also points—also unwittingly—to the same kind of future as Mr. Filene. He is a liberal idealist, which means that he refuses steadily even to begin looking at the problem announced on the cover of his book. He busies himself with assuring everybody that everything in the modern world is developing for the best and that there are no problems. All that we ' superior persons '

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are afraid of in modern uses of leisure—journalism, advertising, the cinema, the wireless, motoring—he sees to be ' protections for what is really valuable, precisely because they concentrate upon what is superficial. . .': there is more ' inner life,' he thinks, than ever before. What Mr. Burns means by ' inner life ' comes out in his invocations of Mr. Charles Morgan, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Flecker and Sir James Barrie. The book cannot, however, be regarded as funny: the contents of it were delivered as talks in the educational programme of the B.B.C. And the *Times Literary Supplement* described its predecessor (essentially the same book) as ' Conspicuous for lucidity of thought, breadth of view and sanity of judgment.'

F.R.L.

THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, Vol. I., by Leon Trotsky (Gollanez, 18/-).

Trotsky is eminently qualified to write the history of the Russian Revolution. For over thirty years he has studied and engineered revolutions; as a man of action he has been one of the most brilliant figures of our time; and his ability as a writer is plain to everybody. He sets out in this book to tell first of all what happened and how it happened, but more than that to make it clear from the very telling why it happened in this way and not in another. Every candid reader I think will admit Trotsky's success. To say so does not necessarily mean that we commit ourselves to his particular interpretation, though nothing short of an even more cogent interpretation is good enough reason for rejecting it at present. To be sure, very few of us can check his accuracy, and it is difficult to say how much is distorted. For the facts, he went to unpublished material, and to innumerable periodical publications, Newspapers and journals, memoirs, reports, etc. (they are indicated only very occasionally—the excuse: ' that they would only bother the reader ') and he also makes use of his own recollections, though never, he assures us, without checking them from

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verified sources. Remembering his taste for self-glorification, his warfare with Stalin, and his definite political position, we may reasonably suspect some distortion, and no doubt many readers will object that the whole account must be distorted because Trotsky has a definite philosophy of history. In his introduction Trotsky maintains that there is no special pleading for his political position, and that 'impartiality' is not to be expected, or even desired, in historical writing—to understand anything necessarily means to understand it from some point of view. His own point of view is unmistakable enough—he is a political engineer seeking to understand the forces which move society only in order to control them and to make use of them in building up a socialist state. Personal desires and prejudices are a handicap; they cloud the understanding and reduce efficiency. They must be eliminated as far as possible and objectivity must be the aim of the investigator. Trotsky's success as a man of action was due in no small measure to his capacity for such 'objective' understanding of men and events. He uses his theories as tools or instruments; they are subject to modification and development in practice; and the test of their value is their usefulness to him. In his History this objectivity is valuable. Objectivity is rare among historians and particularly rare among historians of contemporary affairs. If Trotsky has succeeded in writing a work of first importance, as we believe he has, it is not in spite of his theories, but because of them.

What is surprising about this Revolution is not so much that it should happen in Russia (though orthodox Marxists found this surprising) but that it should lead to the dictatorship of the proletariat. Popular risings in the past have inevitably failed. A popular movement, said Marat, 'always lacks knowledge, skill, means, weapons, leaders, and a definite plan of action; it remains defenceless in the face of conspirators, of experience, adroitness, and craft.' Now Miluikoff and Kerensky were not without experience, adroitness and craft, and the Bolshevik leaders, handicapped by doctrinaire theories, had handed the power over to them after the February revolution. Why then does this popular rising succeed where others failed? It had the army with it, of course, for the army itself was composed of rebellious peasants and workers, and so it had weapons, and no doubt the Russian proletariat was fairly well educated, after years of hard training in political strikes. But

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the masses went into action with no preconceived scheme for social reconstruction; they merely wanted to end the old régime. ' Only the guiding layers of a class have a political programme and even this still requires the test of events, and the approval of the masses.' Lenin and the Bolshevik party had been working out a political programme for over thirty years, and the industrial workers understood their Marxian idiom. Lenin's genius is to see what are the real problems arising out of the social crisis, to find solutions which stand the test of events, and, what is more, to expound his views with such clearness and force that the masses see what ought to be done next and are willing to do it.

It is ridiculous to suppose that dialectical materialism is nothing but fatalism. Trotsky makes Lenin's personal importance abundantly clear—no revolution can guide itself, and without Lenin to interpret events the revolutionary cause might very well have lost the day. But this is not to say that Lenin was wholly responsible for its success. He was not independent of the masses, but worked with them and articulated their needs.

Trotsky's exposition might be improved in only one particular. He tells us far too little of the growth and organization of the Bolshevik party in the thirty years or so of preparation and he seems to assume that we know all about the 1905 revolution, ' the full-dress rehearsal for 1917.' It would be interesting to know how Lenin built up his reputation while he was abroad, and just how much influence he had on the Bolsheviks who remained in Russia, and in turn how far the Bolsheviks at home influenced the proletariat.

Trotsky is at his best when he is analysing the situations which confronted the revolutionary leaders and when he is recreating the struggles between different leaders. He succeeds remarkably in his attempts to suggest the mood and temper of the masses, the swift changes of opinion, the doubt and bewilderment and the growing restiveness as they see their leaders betraying them to Miluikoff and Kerensky. He can describe street-fighting and mob-excitement with great vividness, and his skill in satirical portraiture is as remarkable as ever, *e.g.* his sketch of the Czar, his portraits of Kerensky and Miluikoff, or his bead-roll of unfortunates—the members of the Social Revolutionary party or the commanding generals when asked their opinion on whether the Czar should abdicate.

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This first volume carries us to the June demonstration. The next will deal with events from July to October, 1917, and will contain two chapters on the famous *coup d'état,* and an exposition of the equally famous theory of Permanent Revolution. Trotsky himself plays a far greater part in the events of these months and it will be interesting to see how far he can remain objective about them.

His translator, Max Eastman, writes a short biographical introduction—hero-worship undisguised, and adds a number of notes which are not altogether necessary, though sometimes useful. He might have completed his first-aid outfit with a map of St. Petersburg.

W. A. EDWARDS.

INDUSTRY AND EDUCATION IN SOVIET RUSSIA, by J. G. Crowther (Heinemann, 7/6d.).

Here is a book neither especially informative nor provocative, and with too ambitious a title, but it raises almost fortuitously a point of interest. Mr. J. G. Crowther, who is evidently well versed in the ways of technical education in England, made in 1930 a round of visits to schools and colleges in Moscow and Leningrad, and the book is a compilation of his rough notes. The point that emerges is that technical education in Russia has acquired significantly a new status. That is of course as it should be. That theory grows out of practice and not the other way round is a crucial theorem for communism. (The point is elucidated in Bukharin's paper on the theory of ' Theory and Practice ' published by Kniga). And in the event, an observer familiar with the atmosphere in which technical education is undertaken in England seems not to have had time (for Mr. Crowther's visit was of a holiday brevity) to recover from the initial shock of discovering a country where technical education is the tap-root of the educational system instead of a remote and pallid fibre. He can do little but note in passing details of some of the interesting changes such as the payment of students, the close connection between schools and factories, and the fact that teaching becomes less a specialized function and more a part-time job.

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Space is lacking to go deeply into the question. Suffice it to say that the book indicates an approach to communism which leads the enquirer, almost abruptly, to the crux. The relation of technical education to the more general educational questions is understood by communists in a special sense: and the form of that relation gives communist thought its character. Mr. Crowther has, perhaps unintentionally, set up a train of thought which is not banal and may be useful.

MONTAGU SLATER.

EUGENICS AND EVOLUTION

THE CAUSES OF EVOLUTION, by J. B. S. Haldane, F.R.S. (Longmans, 7/6d.).

America has just been the host for two International Congresses, the first a Congress of Eugenics and the second a Congress of Genetics. Eugenics is the study of Genetics as applied to man and it is obvious from a study of the papers read before the two meetings that the applied science has far outgrown her parent in her ideas. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the parent, as is often the case, cannot endorse the ideas of her offspring. Eugenics seeks to improve the human race by selective breeding, but as eugenists themselves have not yet decided what are the desirable characters to select for, any concerted plan for positive eugenics must necessarily hang fire. Evidently the traits which are desirable are, for the most part, not inherited in a simple way. They are, in addition, so many that a few controlled matings would not produce the super-race that the idealists have in mind.

A saying so true that it has almost become proverbial is that it takes three generations to found a family and three to founder it. I suppose the eugenist would say that no foundering would occur if the family matings were made with due regard to the germ plasms brought together. But so many of the desirable characters

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are recessive in their inheritance that in the masses of the people we have an almost unlimited supply of desirable hereditary characters which produce good individuals as the recessive genes come together. This is becoming more and more evident with the improvement of environment, in other words of opportunity, now less and less a matter of being born into the right family.

In the same way the masses of the people represent a great reservoir of undesirable recessive characters and the reproduction of individuals more or less pure for these factors is already being controlled by segregating them in asylums.

The geneticist sounds a note of warning by pointing out that genes or hereditary germ units do not, as was at one time believed, affect one part of the body only. They may manifest themselves in other ways than in the merely superficial characters by which they are detected. An instance is to be found in the fruit fly—the classic laboratory animal of the geneticist. In this insect certain genes, easily detected by their effect on eye colour and wing shape, when inherited separately, lessen the life span of the individual considerably. But if they are inherited together, the insect possessing them all has a normal life span. This illustration points out the danger of controlling matings with regard to individual traits until we know far more than we do at present of the physiological action of the genes we are selecting. The ideal race cannot be created tomorrow, and by injudicious experiment our last state may be worse than the first.

Professor J. B. S. Haldane takes a much longer view of life than the eugenist. Instead of dealing with a few generations he deals mathematically with generations of the order of 10^6 and with time of the order of 10^9 years. He begins with a discussion of what is meant by Darwinism. Briefly his thesis is that evolution is a fact but that the causes of evolution are unknown. Darwin's general theory is that evolution takes place because the undesirable specimens of a varying species are weeded out by failing to survive. The survivors then vary about the mean which they themselves establish. But this does not fit in very well with our present experimental knowledge. The mean in continuous variation is not as a rule affected by selection, at any rate not for more than a few generations, as ' pure lines ' with a relatively fixed mean become isolated. Natural selection does act on the products of evolution

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but it cannot be regarded as the cause of evolution. It is a policeman removing the offenders rather than a moralist improving them. Some animals, such as *Lingula,* a small shell fish, have remained remarkably constant for four hundred million years. This animal shows a small continuous evolution, while other animals such as the mammals have proceeded by a series of jumps, some of their genes becoming drastically altered from time to time. Occasionally the number of genes is altered by rearrangement of the germ plasm. Why some forms should be so stable and others so unstable is unknown. The large discontinuous variation may occasionally produce new forms which are fitted to the environment and hence have a high survival value.

In the case of man, the subject of one of Darwin's ' special ' theories, evolution is proceeding along a peculiar channel. During the last few years intermediate forms have been found in China and elsewhere which, according to Professor Haldane, have puzzled the most ardent opponents of the descent of man from the monkeys. They cannot agree amongst themselves whether to class these forms as apes or as men, so that they must form an admirable ' missing link.' Man shows a curious reversion to the childhood of animals. He has a much longer relative period before reaching adulthood than any other animal and consequently a much longer period of educability. The brain also has a larger ratio to body weight than in any other animal—a condition similar to that found in the embryos of other species. This, together with other characteristics has led the scientist to speak of this type of evolution as fœtalisation. If evolution in the human race continues along these lines we may find a further retardation of maturity and a persistence of character now regarded as childish. This view suggests the possibility that the time available for reproduction of the individual may become so short that the race of man may evolve itself to extinction, a fate which in other ways has involved innumerable species.

S. A. ASDELL.

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THE MORAL JUDGMENT OF THE CHILD, by J. Piaget (Kegan Paul, International Library of Psychology, etc. Pp. x 418, 12/6d. net).

This admirable book presents a fully documented account of the changes that occur with increasing age in children's modes of evaluating and ordering their conduct. The data collected relate to the ways in which children regard the rules of their games, to their judgments on lying and stealing, and to their ideas of justice. The standardized interviews, by means of which the information was obtained, appear to have been excellently planned and carried out, and to have avoided the danger of distorting the facts through artificiality in the way they were elicited.

The two main stages of moral development which Piaget distinguishes are: first, the acceptance of adult injunctions as unquestionably valid and as deriving their cogency purely from having been promulgated by adults; second, co-operation with other children on an equal footing and consequent obedience to certain injunctions because their necessity to group activity is recognized. This gives a more critical attitude to rules, which, nevertheless, are in practice obeyed more carefully than are the younger children's magically sacred rules. Similarly with justice: whereas in the early years anything done by an adult is just, later on justice demands the recognition of equality among children of the same age. As a result of this development the childish conception of punishment changes: what is at first expiation for an infringement of the mystically powerful rule becomes (when co-operation has been reached) a redressal of the social balance, this having been disturbed by the individual aggression that is being punished. In this way there emerges 'the rather short-sighted justice of those children who give back the mathematical equivalent of the blows they have received.' This one might suppose to be the final development of a system of judgments founded entirely on the maintenance of equality in social relationships. Some other principle would appear necessary in order to explain any further advance.

Piaget however is completely committed to the view that all morality arises from the social interaction of equals. 'Morality presupposes the existence of rules which transcend the individual, and these rules could only develop through contact with other

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people.' He is careful, however, to dissociate himself from Durkheim's views. Where Durkheim sees social constraint as the origin of morality Piaget sees it as a feature of childhood, one which must give place to social co-operation before true morality develops: ' the unilateral respect belonging to contstraint is not a stable system, and the equilibrium towards which it tends is no other than mutual respect.' His data show that this process does in fact take place, but the whole tenor of his interpretation is to the effect that social equilibrium is an end in itself and not simply an aid to individual development. The effect of this interpretation appears in the curious confusion of the following passage: ' The essence of experimental behaviour—whether scientific, technical, or moral—consists, not in a common belief, but in rules of mutual control. Everyone is free to bring in innovations, but only so far as he succeeds in making himself understood by others and in understanding them.' Here Piaget disregards the fact that one may introduce innovations into one's own conduct or beliefs as a purely individual experiment. If others disapprove of the innovation (whether they understand it or not) they may put a stop to it and even penalize the innovator. But the innovation remains an individual experiment, to be judged good or bad according as its final results sort well or badly with the innovator's individual standards. This is not to underestimate the importance of social relationships in guiding the individual and helping to establish his standards; it is instead to make the notion of morality more fundamental than anything that can arise solely from social interactions—to make it, in fact, continuous with the physiological co-ordination which prevents flexors and extensors from being excited simultaneously, and the psychological integration (still individual) which solves the conflict between the desire to eat one's cake and the desire to have it.

The interpretation one adopts is extremely important in determining one's attitude to punishment. Piaget, by regarding social equilibrium as an end in itself, provides no satifactory means for advancing beyond the notion of revenge. He notes that ' As respect for adult punishment gradually grows less, certain types of conduct develop which one cannot but class under the heading of retributive justice. . . The child feels more and more that it is fair that he should defend himself and to give back the blows

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he receives. . . . It is entirely a matter of reciprocity. So-and-so takes upon himself the right to give me a punch, he therefore gives me the right to do the same to him.' He goes on, ' It may be objected that such a morality will not take one very far, since the best adult consciences ask for something more than the practice of mere reciprocity.' But this something more he goes on to characterize as ' charity and the forgiving of injuries.' Nothing could show more clearly the hampering effect of valuing social equilibrium for itself. For the conception of forgiveness involves hardly any *conscious* advance on the simple morality of ' a blow for a blow '; one forgoes one's right to exact full retribution, but the right remains implicit. And the forgiving child (or adult), not exercising his right to revenge, yet still clinging to it, demands in compensation at least a sense of superiority. He preens himself on ' forgiveness ' when he achieves a rudimentary awareness of the fact that his social ' rights ' are, in certain situations, useless to him. The stage of development that this awareness initiates, that of taking reparation when possible but declining revenge, and of distinguishing between deterrent punishment and requital, must be regarded as due to the individual's advance beyond the simple concern for social equilibrium. He is at last holding his fellow creature at arm's length and deciding on the best course of action for himself, an individual, regardless of maintaining his social rights for their own sake.

To disagree with the central assumptions of this book is by no means to lose one's respect for it. Only when applied to the facts of later childhood does Piaget's thesis seem inadequate and unilluminating. For the early years of childhood it allows extremely convincing and often subtle conclusions, of great pedagogical significance, to be drawn from observations which are in themselves of extraordinary interest and value.

DENYS W. HARDING.

SELECTIONS FROM REMY DE GOURMONT (Phoenix Library, Chatto and Windus). The price of this book is 3/6d. *not* 7/6d. as announced in the first edition of the second number of *Scrutiny*.

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PATTERN AND VARIATION IN POETRY, by Chard Powers Smith (Scribners, 15/-).

Nothing, probably, will stop this book from having, with a little luck, a great success: lecturers and teachers whose notion of criticism derives from Mr. Greening Lamborn's *Rudiments* will find in Mr. Smith what they were waiting for. Its catholic modernity (*cf.* ' Mr. Elliott's *Waste Land* . . . . rationalistic pseudo-poetry ') makes its academic futility the more seductive. It will be useless to assure most professional students of poetry that ' technique ' as Mr. Smith conceives it has little relation to the business of criticism. But one cannot repeat too often that the profitable analysis of ' technique ' can have no use for graphs or scansions and demands the active co-operation of a trained sensibility. Mr. Smith's sensibility has been ' trained ' into uselessness.

THE OFFENCE, by Pierre Bost (Elkin, Mathews and Marrot, 7/6d.).

This novel won the Prix Interallié, and though not a great or even a remarkable novel is well worth reading if one must read novels to pass the time. Unlike the English equivalents it obviously proceeds from a mature and adult sensibility, from an intelligent and cultivated man of the world who is yet in no degree stale or uncritical of his environment. The scene is contemporary Paris—the worlds of the student, the journalist and the artist.

THE TWO THIEVES, by T. F. Powys (Chatto and Windus, 7/6d.).

Mr. T. F. Powy's position is now such that all those who are capable of realizing that he is that rare thing, an original artist, may be presumed to have already had his work brought to their notice. Our alternative is either to criticize this new book of three stories at length or merely to announce it. Having no room for the former, we rely on the latter to direct the attention of serious readers to *The Two Thieves*.

THE PRESS AND THE ORGANIZATION OF SOCIETY, by Norman Angell, mentioned in the first number of *Scrutiny* as out of print, is being reprinted immediately by the Minority Press (Cambridge) at 3/6d.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

S. A. ASDELL is a Professor at Cornell University.

WILLIAM EMPSON, author of *Seven Types of Ambiguity,* is Professor of English at Tokyo.

HENRI FLUCHERE is a member of the *Conseil de Rédaction* of *Les Cahiers du Sud* and is one of the foremost interpreters of contemporary English letters to France.

DOUGLAS GARMAN, one of the founders and editors of *The Calendar of Modern Letters,* has published criticism in *Scrutinies* and a book of poems, *The Jaded Hero.*

SELDEN RODMAN has recently published a volume of poems, *Mortal Triumph,* with Farrar and Rinehart.

DENYS THOMPSON is Senior English Master at Gresham's School, Holt. *Culture and Environment,* by him and F. R. Leavis (whose *How to Teach Reading : A Primer for Ezra Pound* is coming out immediately as a Minority Pamphlet) is being published by Chatto and Windus in January.

SHERARD VINES, whose latest book is *Return, Belphegor,* is Professor of English Literature at Hull.

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